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THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1905

No. 47.

# THE MIRROR

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THE MIRROR



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# The Mirror

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## THE MIRROR

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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## Repeal the Breeders' Law

By W. M. R.

ON the statute books of Missouri is a so-called Breeders' Law under which flourishes a gambling game that is a menace to the morals of the State. Under this law horse racing is controlled in a way to confirm a syndicate in a practical monopoly of a vastly profitable form of catering to vice. The law was passed ostensibly to accomplish the abolition of pool rooms by confining betting on horse races to the tracks whereon the races are run, and to encourage the breeding of a superior quality of horses. It was designed ostensibly also to limit the duration of racing so as to prevent continuous operation of gambling games upon the results of races. The law makes provision for licensing race meetings, and for exacting a tax upon the racing books for the purpose of founding a State Fair Fund. This State Fair fund is little more than a myth or a joke.

The practical operation of this law has been to foster rather than prohibit gambling. Instead of limiting racing meetings, its provisions have been interpreted in such a way as to permit, last year, 180 days, or half a year of racing and gambling. A syndicate which controlled one track has, by a process of legal fission, succeeded in getting control of three tracks, or four. That is to say, the owners of the original track have organized themselves into other companies and operate the other tracks. They are represented by dummies of record, but the ownership of all the tracks is the same, and thus by a legal fiction they are enabled to run race meetings continuously, simply by transferring the events from one track to another. The original syndicate being a member of the racing trust known as the Western Jockey Club, with headquarters in Chicago, was enabled to admit the other tracks owned by its dummy companies to membership in the trust, and to admit to regularity the horses, owners, jockeys and book-makers operating on those tracks. The syndicate got into politics locally through employing the head of the Police Department and the political machine, as an attorney, and thus came to have a voice in the selection of delegations to State conventions. With the power of political representation it naturally resulted that the State officials who were called to pass upon questions of law as to the tracks and their operation took the view of the political attorney for this branch of the political machinery which might control the fate of the officials. Thus it was that the Delmar Racing Association, though composed of the same men as the St. Louis Jockey Club, was declared to be a separate corporation and allowed to run as such, when the law made special provisions that no one concern should conduct a racing meeting for more than a certain length of time. Thus it was that when a third track was bought up by the same people in another dummy company, it, too, was recognized as an independent company by the authorities and allowed to conduct racing. But when a fourth

track was opened by real independent investors, and it ran for a certain length of time, it was denied an extension of the racing season by the authority empowered to grant it, and this authority made such denial and refusal, after promise to grant the extension, under the plain coercion and suasion of the local head of the police power and the political machine. Now, this fourth track, having been forced into the hands of a receiver by a stockholder paid to do so by the original syndicate, has been bought in by a gentleman who manifests every symptom of an understanding with the original syndicate. This syndicate is a member of the racing trust, and as such is enabled to prevent the opening of other tracks in the city and State, save by compliance with certain regulations laid down by the trust—a corporation outside of the State.

Under the rule of the syndicate, racing has degenerated from a sport into a degraded business, and that business has fostered vice and crime. With racing in progress 180 days in the year, for just that many days the public has been lured to the race tracks, there to wager its money upon the racing events. Those who could not, or cannot go to the race tracks, have been accommodated by the opening of betting places wherein wagers are taken by the so-called makers of hand-books. These hand-books have run all over the city in saloons, in laundry offices, in barber shops, in cigar stores. Agents of these hand-books, or independent hand-bookers, have gone through the factories and great office buildings, taking bets from one quarter up, not only on the races run at the local tracks, but on the races run at other tracks throughout the country, so that gambling on horse racing is going on all the time. The spread of these hand-books made quite an army of persons interested in racing, and this army was gradually solidified into a political cohort working when so ordered as the interests of the members of the syndicate ordered. The police, recognizing the pull of the syndicate with the head of the department, did not interfere with this particular form of gambling, and naturally many of the hand-bookers branched out in other forms of gaming, such as craps. That, too, was uninterfered with in view of the stand in of the head and front of the gambling element with the man who controlled the police, stood next to the Governor, could see the Auditor having charge of racing licenses, named judges, and prosecuting attorneys, dominated the party organization.

Gambling ran rampant wherever it was run by men who stood in with the racing syndicate. If a man not acceptable to the syndicate started up he was promptly shut down by the gambling squad officers, who loafed in other gambling places favored by the syndicate. A friend of the syndicate could operate with the detectives standing at his elbow in one store, but a man might try to open up in secret



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next door, and he would be closed, even if only on suspicion. Soon it came to be understood that any man who would give up a percentage of his game to a certain collector, known to be a protege of the syndicate, would be immune from police interference. Then came the World's Fair. Proteges of the syndicate opened up every imaginable sort of skin game just over the line of the city limits in the county, and skinned suckers at their leisure. Other friends of the syndicate leased steamboats and opened up skin games on the river and tore off from men, women and children from \$1,000 to \$5,000 per day. All this time there was no gambling in the city save that favored of the syndicate, and the police authorities, when they heard complaints of the work in the county and on the river, said the thieving was done beyond their jurisdiction.

Gambling was a picnic. The public played without let or hindrance. The men and women, boys and girls, went against the game. They spent their earnings. They pawned their goods and played the proceeds. They begged, they borrowed, they embezzled, they robbed to get funds to keep going against the game. The game, of course, ate up the players, as all games must, else there would be no smart people running them. The syndicate waxed rich, and is waxing richer. It tore off last year sums of money ranging up into the millions. The list of thefts, embezzlements, defalcations and forgeries increased. Business men were ruined by the vice. Women were lured to the tracks, into debt, into infidelities and debaucheries to raise money to win out of debt. The handbooks made loafers out of young men who had had fair positions. They began reaching out for children's quarters and dimes. Small merchants got up against the game and were ruined. There was a gambling shop in every down town block, and sometimes two and three. The evil spread, but it was an evil profitable to the syndicate that was solid with the head of the police and the boss of the Democratic machine, and the officers could not see the violation of the law, not even when they looked at odds posted up in public, not even when they could hear the rattle of craps dice as they stood at the bar taking drinks. They could not find any gambling unless it was conducted by someone who had no understanding or had a misunderstanding with the collector, who represented the syndicate, that paid a fine annual fee to the head of the Police Department, besides contributing liberally in payment of membership dues and otherwise to the political club, of which the head of the police department was and is president.

Thus it was that the Breeders' Law fostered political corruption, spread the gambling mania over the city, made idlers and loafers and embezzlers and thieves out of young men, lured small merchants into debt and ruin and drink and murder and suicide, caused men to starve their wives and children, and in instances well known, brought decent women to the wine-room, the brothel and the gutter in order to gratify the gambling passion.

The MIRROR first called attention to the evil. Then the *Chronicle* took up the fight. Next the *Post-Dispatch* joined in the crusade. Last Monday morning the *Republic* wheeled into line. And now the whole community, business men, lawyers, physicians, preachers, school teachers, bankers, employers of labor generally, see the extent of the evil. There is an earnest, popular demand for the suppression of the vice and crime that has flourished. It is a demand like unto the demand for the same reform in New York, in Chicago, in Memphis and elsewhere. All the cities are being sapped and drained financial-

ly and morally by the vice, and the racing magnates are preparing to spread their nets over the country at large by organizing a telegraph company to enable betting on the races in every town, village and hamlet that a wire may reach.

The people of Missouri demand that the Breeders' Law be repealed. This law, as the St. Louis Referee in Bankruptcy of the United States Court says: "Is absurdly and indefensibly illogical, in denouncing as a felony petty and relatively harmless sorts of gambling, while licensing race tracks to conduct gigantic public gambling establishments, attended with every evil incident to unbridled indulgence in gambling in one of its worst and most ruinous forms." This law was put on the statute books through the use of boodle. A Secretary of State admitted getting a fee for aiding its adoption, and securing its signature by the Governor.

The Governor who, in 1897, signed the Breeders' Law, Lon V. Stephens, has this to say about it now:

"I signed the breeders' bill under the apprehension that it would benefit stock breeding in Missouri, but I know now that the contrary is true of that law, which, considering the mischief it has wrought, should be speedily repealed. The power of the gambling interests was shown at Jefferson City at the time this measure was presented to the legislature for consideration. Not until after it became a law did I realize the trick these men had played to deceive me, and every other person who honestly believed this law would prove a salutary one. Probably one hundred ministers of the gospel in St. Louis, every horseman of consequence throughout the State and thousands of persons representing every business house and profession, and coming from every walk of life petitioned me to sign the breeders' bill. Their chief plea was that it would do away with the poolroom evil, which then was at its height in the metropolis of the State. Mothers, husbands and wives urged me to sign the bill because they believed it would rid St. Louis of the poolroom vice. When such pressure as this was brought to bear I felt there was nothing for me to do but approve the bill—an act which I now regard as a fearful blunder.

"As to the connection of Sam B. Cook, then chairman of the Democratic State Committee, with the breeders' law, I simply have this to say: Mr. Cook worked for the passage of the bill in the legislature and the general impression was that he acted for the horse-breeders of the State. He came into my office one day and said he wanted to walk over to the mansion with me, as he had a little matter he did not care to bother me about just there. While on the way to the mansion Cook broached the breeders' legislation and said if I signed the bill it meant a big fee for him. I felt resentful towards Cook for making that remark, and was inclined because of it to veto the bill.

"But it was one of those things about which I felt the interests of the whole people should be considered. The sole opposition to the bill came from the manager of a South St. Louis night racing course. The South St. Louis track was a source of much annoyance to the residents of that section, and a large number of whom worked for the enactment of the breeders' law. I never dreamed that the breeders' bill would prove an ally of monopolized crime. I do not believe that one-tenth of the members of the legislature who voted for it thought it would bring about a far worse condition of affairs than that which prevailed when the notorious 'pool alley' flourished."

The evils of race track gambling are attested by the police chief, the chief of detectives, the prosecuting officers, the bankers, the officials of bonding companies, the priest and ministers, the heads of large business houses. All men who know they are alive know that the race track gambling evil is one that is rotting the moral fibre of the whole community, and as they know that in Missouri it is fostered under the Breeders' Law they demand the repeal of that law at once.

Governor-elect Folk is committed to work for the repeal of the law. Many Senators and representatives are likewise committed. The members of the State Assembly cannot find one valid reason for keep-

ing the law on the books. The man who votes against its repeal will do so only for one of two reasons—either he will be bought outright with syndicate boodle, or he will be confided into such a course by the political lures and promises of those leading politicians who are drawing big fees from the syndicate beneficiaries of the law for their influence in preventing interference with the gigantic graft and robbery. The Assemblymen who stand up against the repeal of the Breeders' Law will be marked as having been bought, directly or indirectly, with money that is tainted with all dishonor, with theft, with the tears of starving women and children, with the blood of men slain in robberies to get money to play the races, with the self-shed blood of men who have robbed their employers and ruined themselves, with the sweat of the polluted bodies of women who have sold themselves to vile use in order to play the game. That is the money that has kept the syndicate strong in politics. That is the money that the syndicate's lobbyist spent in entertaining legislators so they wouldn't touch the bill at the last session. That is the sort of money that fees a party leader who sits in evening clothes at the St. Louis Club and talks reform. No honest man can vote against the repeal of a law which has made idlers, loafers, thieves, murderers, harlots and suicides in order to support the Cella-Adler-Tilles syndicate, and that syndicate's rising and subsidized leader in the Democratic party.

Take away the State's approval and support of crime and criminals, that makes ignorant and vulgar and obscene millionaires of former fence-keepers, makes them political powers in a great city, and enables them to bribe so-called leaders with large gobs of the wages of sin while masquerading as reformers. Repeal the Breeders' Law. Repeal it within ten days of the opening of the Legislature. And every man who opposes its repeal will wear ever after, in the eyes of his fellow men, the Mark of the Beast.

♦ ♦ ♦

Andrew Mack went to a wake the other night, says the *Kansas City Independent*. His show was playing in Boston, and Mack received a letter from a life-long friend of his father's, named Tom Cavanaugh, telling him of the death of his wife. Mack, after the performance, at some inconvenience, went over to the house and carried some flowers. He found himself an object of greater interest than the corpse, to all save the bereaved husband, who wailed and mourned and refused to be comforted. Mack escaped as soon as possible, and, a few days later, met the old man on the street and expressed his sympathy.

"Why," said Mack warmly, "it gave me new confidence in mankind to see such a display of devotion for your departed wife; I was sorry for you, Mr. Cavanaugh, and at the same time I was proud of you."

"And where did you see me carryin' on?" asked Cavanaugh.

"At the wake," answered Andrew. "Why do you ask?"

"At the wake!" repeated the bereaved widower in a scornful tone. "You should have seen me at the cemetery. I raised hell there!"

♦ ♦ ♦

A letter dictated by an indignant gentleman, ran thus: "Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you; I, being a gentleman, cannot express it; but you, being neither, can readily divine it!"



## Nan Patterson and "A Wife"

By W. M. R.

A LETTER in the New York *Journal*, signed "A Wife," says: "I have been reading the Patterson trial, but fail to understand a woman of Mrs. Young's character. How can she pretend to feel any grief for such a Judas as her husband evidently was? If I were Mrs. Young and had money I would have engaged the best lawyers in the city to defend Miss Patterson for having the courage to do what the wife should have done months before. If more women would defend their rights we would have fewer men leading double lives, for they would know what to expect. I hope Miss Nan will go scott free, be she guilty or innocent, for he deserved his fate." This is interesting, but not edifying. It is, perhaps, an exposition of the character and disposition of the writer, but surely not a pleasant one. This "wife" may not understand Mrs. Young, but that is the "wife's" fault, not Mrs. Young's. Some people cannot understand pride or loyalty or the fidelity that extends to forgiveness of the one who does one wrong. Mrs. Young probably grieves for her husband because she loved him. Maybe she loved him all the more because he was a weak sinner. It may be that Mrs. Young knew her husband, and found in him qualities that endeared him even in spite of his infidelity to her. This "wife" who writes the letter would probably kill her husband if he went astray, and if he doesn't go astray, the knowledge of this feature of her temperament is probably that keeps him faithful. Most good women know that the men to whom they are married are weak creatures. Most good women go right along loving husbands who do things that grieve them and pain them, and even humiliate them. No woman can live with a man for any length of time and continue to idealize him, for man is essentially selfish, even when he is at his affectionate best with women, and no man is really worthy to tie a woman's shoe laces. All women must see in their husbands many things which they have to accept as a part of the make-up of the brutes, and they look at other women who are doing the same thing and wonder why their sisters stand this thing or that which may be no worse than what the critics accept and apologize for and gloss over in their own marital arrangement. A woman who loves a man will forgive him anything that she can forgive. Some woman might forgive a great wrong and be unforgiving of things that other women might regard as trifles. Mrs. Young might forgive her husband's blazing infidelities while the writer of the "wife" letter might want to shoot her husband for stepping on her train and ripping the skirt at the waist in a theater aisle. Mrs. Young is answerable only to her own heart and conscience, and men should thank God that women have hearts that can and do forgive such things as her husband did to her. Why may not women forgive their husbands as they forgive their children, though the children be sin-scarred and crime-cankered and lost in the darkness beyond the social pale. Men are not loved because of their sins and follies, but in spite of them and the woman who forgives the greatest wrongs is somehow the truest woman. Mrs. Young may or may not hate the woman who stole her husband's affection. If she does hate Nan Patterson, it is because Nan Patterson preyed upon the husband's weakness. Mrs. Young was not entitled to

kill her husband for his errancy, as "wife" seems to think. She had no more right to kill him for that than Nan Patterson had to kill him, if she did kill him, for leaving her to join his wife. A man has no right to kill his wife for anything except to prevent her taking his own life. Mrs. Young did well to stand by her husband's memory so far as she could, even in the face of the revelations of his infidelity. She honored herself in honoring him, even though he had a thousand times dishonored her. Furthermore, her course upholds and sustains the sacred ideal of the home. She vindicates the wife's right in the husband by keeping faith with him in loyalty even in death, and even in despite of his disloyalty. She stands forth a good wife, even if he was a bad husband, and her love for him is the brighter and purer because, as is said, he was unworthy of her. It is the attitude of Mrs. Young that makes more emphatic the wrong done by Nan Patterson, not in the killing, but in the *liaison* with Caesar Young. The writer of the letter signed "a wife" might do what she says she would do if another woman had killed her husband, but how many good wives would approve her course? Not one in twenty thousand. Mrs. Young's course is that of a woman true to the gentlest, if in some ways, the most pathetic ideal of the married relation. Forgiveness is a divine attribute, and if it be said that Mrs. Young should forgive Nan Patterson, it may be answered that it is not Mrs. Young who prosecutes the "Florodora" girl, but the State of New York, for a crime not against Mrs. Young, but against society. "A Wife" is wrong in thinking that if more women would defend their rights there would be fewer men leading double lives. Men will lead double lives so long as men are imperfectly monogamous, as they are, so long as they are weak, even in their strongest passion, as they are. Young "deserved his fate," says "A Wife." Did he deserve to be slain for breaking up his *liaison* and trying to

return to the wife he had humiliated? Should he have been killed for repenting of his wrong? Hardly, according to any code of ethics. Maybe he deserved to be killed because he was deserting Nan Patterson. No wife can consistently maintain that proposition, though Young probably treated Nan Patterson, at times and in a different way, as badly as he treated his wife. That Young "deserved his fate" is not clear even if, as seems not wholly improbable, he shot himself in a burst of despair over his inability to live without either woman, in his torture over the conflict in his heart between passion and duty. He had to pay the wages of sin, of course. There was no escaping that, but when he shot himself, if he did so, he wrought only a further wrong to both the women with whom his life had been bound up. The letter written by a "wife" is a foolish document; since it is such a rash judgment on the living and the dead. Caesar Young even deserves pity. We don't know what he may have suffered in his oscillation between the two women, in his endeavor to be true to his wife, and in his struggle against the fascination of his mistress, in his effort to eat his two cakes and have them, too. We are all too ready with condemnation, for, after all, there's a something in what is called love that we can't explain, even in its sinfulness that commands our pity for the victims. Any man may drink with any woman of *Brangwain's* magic potion, as did *Tristan* and *Iseult*, and when they do the end is with "the inexorable, high gods." Caesar Young was no Round Table Knight, but he loved unto his doom, and to the doom of all he loved, as a blight upon the hearts he won. The man was coarse and vile, but here are two women who say they loved him, though one be worse than widowed, and the other he led to the murderer's dock. Both women whom he wronged can forgive him, but a woman who never saw his face cannot, and not only that, but cannot forgive his wife for loving him. Nan Patterson at her worst seems far exalted above the writer of the letter I have quoted, for she has more of the woman heart about her. She, at least, does not hate the woman who is faithful to the man who was unfaithful to both loves. If the writer of the New York *Journal* letter has a husband—well, he does not deserve his fate.

## Shall the Boodlers Be Pardoned?

By William Marion Reedy

IN view of the fact that in the boodle prosecutions all the big fellows escaped scot free, and only the little fellows were caught; as only the takers, and not the givers of the corrupting money have been convicted; as for all practical purposes incarceration in the penitentiary for even one day is punishment severe beyond the conception of anyone who has never experienced it and the moral effect as a deterrent of future boodling is accomplished by such an incarceration, as well as it would be by the serving out of the men's full terms, Gov. Folk might consistently consider the pardon at an early date of all the men he has succeeded in putting in stripes. The men imprisoned for boodling are the victims of a system which had, openly or covertly, high social and business sanction in this community for years. They followed a custom out of which great fortunes were built here. They are, moreover, the victims

of a system for which the community is responsible—the system of turning over the property of all the people—the streets and alleys, etc.—for private exploitation to a few men daring enough to seek their ends through appeal to individual official cupidity in preference to paying a reasonable proper price for the privileges sought into the public treasury. More men have escaped punishment, among those indicted, than have been sent to prison. The informers who are free outnumber those who have been convicted on their testimony, and if the informers be considered sufficiently punished, and as having made atonement by confession, surely the men who have worn the felon brand for ever so short a time may be considered also to have made adequate reparation to society. The case of the convicted boodler is not on an equality with that of the man convicted of assault or theft or murder or other crime against the person.



He is more severely punished by a brief incarceration than is the other offender by reason of the fact that his briefer punishment more conspicuously humiliates him. The man who was well enough known to be elected by the votes of the people of a ward had a certain status in the community above the average, and his deposition from such status into that of one civilly dead is, though it be for only a few days, more of a penalty upon him, and more of a deterrent upon those of his class than would be a half dozen years to a man of the ordinary criminal element or to the members of that element. Furthermore, it is believed that the sense of the people is that the conviction amounts to more for good ends in such cases than the incarceration does in other cases. The public feels that the ends of justice are almost completely served by the mere conviction of boodlers, and more especially as the punishment falls upon the less guilty parties to the crimes proved—the less guilty because the less intelligent and the less benefited by the corrupt transactions. Gov. Folk could pardon the men he has convicted, upon such grounds as herein suggested, without incurring virulent criticism from either press or people. It would be a demonstration of clemency to which most citizens would rise in approval. It would not in the least detract from the value of the convictions as examples to future assemblymen and franchise-seekers. It would be defensible in all sufficiency as a course void of compromise with bad political influences, because it would not in any sense condone the viciousness of the franchise-broking system to which these men were sacrificed and sacrificed themselves. There would be no basis for the charge that justice has not been done, and the pardon would be a certain concession to the sentiment of fairness which revolts at the fact that a few poor men who received a few thousand dollars should suffer for a crime for which their wealthy and powerful accomplices who made millions out of such work suffer not at all. Such an action by Gov. Folk would be the mercy that tempers justice properly, and it might be made the text of a message to the people which, by its very mercifulness, would the more effectively arraign the great and powerful who have gone unwhipped of justice and more eloquently condemn the system or custom which had become so firmly established as to justify an eminent jurist in characterizing bribery as a conventional offence. Gov. Folk's character and career would alone justify the course suggested. It would not be possible to construe such an act as one arising from motives of personal ambition or partisan advantage, since nothing the boodlers might do would help him in the least, and the offenders are about equally divided between the two great parties. Public morals would not suffer, since the offenses of the men against public morals had been expiated with fully adequate relativity to the susceptibility of the individuals to the disgrace and ignominy of their punishment. For every man convicted is as sorely branded with a week or a few months in the felon's garb as he will be three or five or seven years from now, as each man suffers in mind more than others sentenced would suffer because of the physical deprivations consequent upon their immurement. The community is responsible for these men's crimes in a more direct sense than for any other crimes in the category of offences. These men represent the corrupting power of conditions largely created by their intellectual and social superiors. Their imprisonment, however brief, calls attention to the responsibility of others in the community for the conditions in which their crimes flourished, and to lengthen it

out would not, in the faintest degree, morally punish the men who have been wise enough, or wealthy enough, to escape the physical penalties of their participation in the iniquities of the men now in durance vile. A pardon of the petty boodlers by Gov. Folk would be a gracious and a good deed, and it could be granted in such fashion as to make boodling more odious than it ever can be made by taking years from the lives of a few petty politicians, for nothing

so demonstrates the damnable undemocracy and un-Americanism and unreasonableness of boodling as does the fact that the greater boodlers reap all the benefits and take the fewest chances in the game of robbing the people by bribing their servants. The pardon would be a protest for justice against the wealthy and strong, while not in the least marring with morbid or maudlin mercy the justice meted out the poor man tempted beyond his strength.

## BUTLER WITH HIS BAT;

## FOLK STANDING PAT;

## HAWES STRADDLING THE CAT;

## HERR STUEVER STIRS THE VAT.

By W. M. R.

MAYOR ROLLA WELLS announces that he is not and will not be a candidate for renomination for his present position. His declaration comes with significant suddenness after a visit to his office by one pack of Democratic politicians demanding that he make vacancies in the City Hall for the Democrats let out of deputyships by Republican Sheriff Clarke. It seems that Clarke held in place under him some Democrats who had served his Democratic predecessor. The men retained were friends of Col. Ed. Butler. Mr. Harry B. Hawes forthwith got his crowd together and they agreed that Mayor Wells should fire, or have fired, all the friends of Butler who have jobs in the City Hall. The theory was that Butler had knifed the late Democratic ticket, and that as Republican Sheriff Clark paid for such knifing by keeping Butler men in office, the other Butler men holding office under Democrats should be bounced to make way for the Democrats whom Clarke had let out. Mayor Wells couldn't see it. He wouldn't discharge men because of what some friend or patron had done politically, so long as the men whose places were sought performed their duties satisfactorily. The demand made upon the Mayor just at the close of his term, and at a time when he was supposed to desire renomination, was construed by him as a political shake-down, so he simply relieved the situation by saying he was not a candidate for renomination. This action leaves the Hawes faction up in the air in their scheme to punish Col. Butler by throwing his friends out of their jobs. It dispels the superstition that Mr. Hawes has spoils to distribute at the City Hall, just as the forthcoming appointments of Gov. Folk will demonstrate that Mr. Hawes is not to be the political master of the police force. Without the jobs to give, Mr. Hawes' power is disintegrating, and not only is his reorganization of the City Central Committee fizzling out, but the support he has had in the Jefferson Club is wavering and weakening. That support was based upon the jobs, and it lasted as long as the job holders thought that Mr. Hawes might be the man to see in order to retain favor with Wells at the City Hall and Folk at Jefferson City. Mr. Hawes, without Wells at his back, and without prospect of controlling the police, and at outs with Butler, has nothing left. He has never done anything in politics without Butler, and now that he tries to break away he finds that leaving Butler he has no-

where else to go, except to Tony Stuever, the Home Beer boss of South St. Louis. But Stuever is a trimmer himself, and there are symptoms that he, seeing Hawes slipping, is going over to Butler. At least, Stuever is not going the limit in the matter of reorganizing the City Committee, and is holding open the Hawes-created vacancies in the Butler wards against Hawes' earnest desire to fill them. Mr. Hawes was for Wells' renomination, and said so to certain committeemen, but Mr. Wells having quit, it means that the committeemen need not look in that direction for any spoils through Hawes, and many of those who were willing to "roll" Butler two weeks ago are now turning to him upon the strength of the evidence that while he is being read out of the Democratic party he is powerful enough to have those men who have been faithful to him, kept in office under Republican officials. This looks pretty good to the ward leader who doesn't relish having to look after men who are out of work during the winter months. Every Butler man rolled from the City Committee by Mr. Hawes is ostentatiously taken care of, and this is an object lesson to the Hawes followers who can see themselves destined to joblessness when the Republicans take charge of the offices. The men who stick to Butler get something for their fidelity. The men who stick to Hawes get nothing but a suave Kentucky smile from him, a turn down from Wells and the ha-ha from the Police Board. There are no rations for Hawes' followers, since the bucket-shop, race track gambling syndicate, otherwise the "CAT," feels its whole political duty is done when it pays Mr. Hawes his fees as "attorney," and moreover, the outlook is that the "CAT" will go out of business when the Legislature gets through with the infamous law which fosters the feline. With Wells refusing to make jobs, and the Police Board from under Hawes' thumb, there's nothing left behind Mr. Hawes but "the skindicate"—and the "skindicate" may soon be looking for another attorney. It begins to look as if Mr. Hawes were in process of elimination, were being driven back to the arms of the "CAT," just when the "CAT" is looking for Republican leaders to supplant Democratic leaders on its pay rolls. Mayor Wells' announcement of determination not to be a candidate is glad news to Col. Butler and his friends. It rather relieves Folk's friends, too, as they didn't like Wells, as a gold bug, though the Folk people don't know whom they will



pick up for the Mayoralty to harmonize the party in the city with the party in the State. They may unite upon Mr. Nelson W. McLeod, despite his declinations in the past, but they are deterred from concentration upon him solely by virtue of his recent apparent alliance with Mr. Hawes, for it has turned out that as Col. Butler hates Hawes even worse than he hates Folk, a great many rabid Folk men hate Hawes more than they hate Butler, and so Handsome Harry is in danger of being crushed between both factions, while Stuever turns from him as one passing out, and the "skindicate" begins to look for Republican rather than Democratic friends at court. Mayor Wells was Mr. Hawes' biggest, if not his last trump, and now that the Mayor pulls out of the game, the young man who has cut such a figure as a leader seems to be losing his hold even on the Jefferson Club, which he did so much to establish. If Mr. Hawes is to be in the game, from now on, there's only one man can keep him there. That's Gov. Folk. If Folk wants to fight Butler he may need Mr. Hawes, but Mr. Folk has friends who will buck strenuously if Hawes be given any recognition whatever. Gov. Folk, it is argued, cannot tie up with

Hawes, because of his identification with the bucket-shop race-track gambling skindicate. Folk can't scotch the CAT if Hawes is to be so much as a third lieutenant or even an orderly in St. Louis politics. Folk seems to be turning towards Stuever as his friend in practical politics here, but Butler seems to be the man who can take care of the boys who stick to him, even with the other party in power, and whether he be in the party or out of the party, there is a rally to him by those minor politicians who have a prejudice in favor of eating regular. The Hawes following wavers mostly because it sees nothing further coming—except more Jefferson Club assessments, and they're tired of those. They incline to back out and wait and see whether the skindicate or the CAT will not furnish the finances in consideration of the favor and immunity it has enjoyed. The local Democracy is now beautifully factionized—split into three factions; Butler after all his foes with a big flat bat, Folk on the exalted moral law standing stiff and very "pat," and Handsome Harry, of Kentucky, "fronting" for the CAT. The party is in beautiful shape—for hash.

tion with the troubles between the bishop and the rector, the matter will cease to be a celebrated case within forty-eight hours of the determination of that fact.

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#### *Daughters of the Ralston Bag.*

WE are afflicted with so many societies in this land, why not one of the Daughters of the Ralston Bag? There are millions of women who treasure the paper souvenir that they lugged about the Exposition grounds last year, and it would be a good idea to weld them all into an organization to hold here an annual reunion. The Ralston Bag woman should not allow herself to be forgotten.

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#### *Paul Bourget on Divorce.*

SUPREME analyst and vivisectionist that he is, Paul Bourget was destined to bring the divorce question under his scalpel and glass, and so we have his novel, "A Divorce," as a result of his studies. It is a painstaking work, but it is not a solution. To Americans it is not so poignant, save to practical Catholics among us, as it may be to middle class Frenchmen, one of whom, by the way, is a chief agonizer in the drama. A Catholic Frenchwoman who has divorced her husband and married another, in watching the spiritual growth of her daughter by the second marriage, finds her faith revived. She cannot return to the church while divorced and remarried, and this gives her the more exquisite anguish as she loves her liberalist second husband. The son by the first husband falls in love with a *Mdlle. Bertha Planat*, a medical student. This girl had been reared by socialists and revolutionists to believe in the evil of society as constituted, and particularly in the rightfulness of free union without consent of church and State. A vile man played the comedy of agreeing with her views. They affected a free union. The man deserted her, and her child, and she studies medicine to support herself. When the son *Lucien's* stepfather, hears of the boy's infatuation with *Mdlle. Planat*, he deems here a mere grisette or adventuress, and denounces her. She tells the young man the story of her belief and her first lover's deceit and betrayal of her principles. He loves her for her innate rectitude. She entered the union in good faith and purity, and was wronged. When the step-father and the son confront each other, the latter naturally defends his sweetheart and maintains in brief that his sweetheart's free union is a case on all fours with that of the second marriage of his mother. If his stepfather is such a stickler for conventionality, why is not the free union without church or State consent as good and just and holy as the union that was effected in defiance of the church. The son, when his stepfather and mother refuse consent, secures the consent of his divorced father, and the complication illustrates how the law which recognizes the divorce, yet maintains the solidarity of the first family by making the divorced father still master of the offspring. *M. Darris*, the stolidly liberal stepfather, is shocked, while the boy's mother sees in the situation only the curse of God for her desertion of the church and punishment for her second marriage, which, despite its State sanction, is held by the church to be adulterous. The wife and mother is driven to return to the church, while the stepfather vainly endeavors to interpose his rationalistic views against such action. The son goes away with *Mdlle. Planat*, who, by the way, is a well presented character, full of strong sweetness and dignity, but with what seem super-feminine ratiocinative powers, to effect a free union in Germany. The divorced father of *Lucien* dies, and the wife, after a

## Reflections



By William Marion Reedy

#### *Bishop, Rector and Purple Lady.*

SOME of us not too good people may be a little disposed to extract a wicked delight from the very evident fact that there has been a lot of lying, and worse, on one side or another of the issue between Episcopalian Bishop Talbot and Pastor Irvine. From the charges and counter charges, we are led to believe that good churchmen, when they grow excited in a controversy, do things that would shock them if they read of them in connection with a ward primary. We can't think that a Bishop would lie, but it is too bad that we are secretly glad to know that eminent churchmen can accuse a Bishop of such a thing. It may pain us to think that a Bishop would unfrock a pastor simply to please a lady who pleased the Bishop by wearing purple gowns when he visited her, but there's a little malicious pleasure to mitigate the pain. When we read that men are tricked into signing documents for an ecclesiastical court we do not openly rejoice at the evil, but we do feel that churchmen shouldn't be so ready to hurl anathema at the heads of men who indulge in sharp practice in politics or business. Bishop Talbot appears to have been too facile in his distribution of epithets in his epistles, and some of the people opposed to Bishop Talbot err in the same direction. Furthermore, we read that Bishop Talbot is going to resurrect a former verdict against Pastor Irvine for immorality, said verdict having been suppressed. In other words, Pastor Irvine has been continued in pastorates after he had been convicted of immorality in Illinois. The church then stands for whitewashing methods when it is to some dignitary's interest that they should be stood for. The whole Talbot-Irvine affair is a nasty one. It brings the church into disrepute, because of the smallness of soul it exhibits in high places. The intimations of the exceedingly cautious newspaper dispatches are all along the line of leading to a

mine of foulness very close to the highest councils of the most aristocratic church in the country. A poor pastor appears to have been persecuted and oppressed by his superior, or that poor pastor is being made the tool of those envious of Bishop Talbot in order to discredit and disgrace that dignitary. A woman sprawls all over the case with the usual suggestions in such cases made and provided. A trebly divorced woman cutting a figure in a row between a bishop and a rector is a spectacle full of possibilities of suspicion and inuendo to make even the injudicious grieve. Rev. Mr. Irvine appears to some as a sort of Episcopalian Dreyfus. Bishop Talbot appears to others as a saintly man beset by vicious enemies. Still others think that when the truth comes out there may be something like the great Beecher-Tilton stench. Rev. Mr. Irvine has undoubtedly a genius for getting into difficulties, while Bishop Talbot seems to have a genius for slopping over in his letters and a peculiarly unhappy amenability to the wishes of an aristocratic lady in royal purple. All in all the Talbot-Irvine controversy is exciting a great many people, rejoicing many wicked people and inflicting pain on many good people who think that the cause of religion, as a whole, cannot but be injured by the insinuations and accusations that circulate in the public prints. There need be no fear for religion, however. Religion has always survived its preachers and professors. No religion is to be condemned because certain of its preachers or bishops get morally twisted as to purple ladies, forged presentments, diverted funds and tortuous tergiversations as to facts in controversy. The best that can be hoped for out of the case in question, is that it will be pushed to trial and settled without undue delay. The scandal will only be magnified by leaving its details to conjecture from vague reports and incorrect interviews with persons who may or may not be qualified to speak. I venture to assert that if the case goes to trial and the purple lady appears not to have any direct associa-



## THE MIRROR

scene with her second husband, in which the religious motive as opposed to the rationalistic view of life is brought tensely forward, flees to the country and sends a priest to mediate for a marriage under church sanction. *M. Darras* resists and rebels, and talks much of science, but finally compromises on the score that his wife shall return to their home and he shall not put into execution his threat to deprive their daughter of Catholic instruction, and prevent her first communion. The wife returns. *M. Darras* finds her there on his return from his office one evening. They rush into one another's arms. But the novel ends with this manifestation of love. It leaves the religious or so-called moral issue unsettled. I suspect from what the novel shows that *Darras* loves his wife so well he will finally consent to the religious marriage she craves, even though he has said such an act would cast doubt and imply a pollution upon the relationship during the period of its lack of sacerdotal sanction. *M. Bourget* tells us nothing of the outcome of the experiment of *Lucien* and *Mdlle. Planat*, though the latter is too fine and true a woman to have made a second mistake in rebellion against convention. *M. and Mme. Darras* will hardly take them back, because the latter is as priggish as she is pious, and the husband is at heart a sort of snob for all his liberalism. "A Divorce," (Scribner's, New York), seems to prove nothing except that it is a dangerous thing for what may be called indurated Catholics, especially women, to be at outs with their church in the matter of accepting divorce and then contracting other marriages. The old faith is bound to rise up and poison the new union, *M. Bourget* argues. It is not necessary, save in France, where the tyranny of the parent in the matter of marriage is so damnable, that the divorced and remarried mother should lose her son as a result of her effort to get the good of life after a first marital mistake, and in America the average man who married a woman who had been divorced, and loved her as *M. Darras* loved his wife, in this novel, wouldn't much worry over the affection of his stepson for a girl like *Bertha Planat*. A Catholic woman in America—speaking broadly, for no true Catholic woman divorced, would marry another man—who married after a divorce, would not suffer as this French woman suffered, simply because her mind is freer and broader, and an American whose wife wanted a church marriage to him after the death of the man she had divorced, would, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, have no great soul trouble over the situation, but would say, "All right, little woman; anything that will make you feel easier suits me." The dramatic contrast or conjunction of a free union with a married divorcee doesn't stir us in this country at all, except that a "free union" here is tautology in the minds of most of us, since all unions are free contracts in matrimony. *M. Bourget's* book is brilliant and sympathetic, and even tragic, if one can get oneself into the frame of mind of the very respectable, very Catholic Frenchman or Frenchwoman, but if one cannot assume that mental attitude, the problem takes on an aspect that may be called "academic." Perhaps we have largely lost our religious sense in this country, but be that as it may, our divorce novels rarely turn on religious scruples, but rather on the mere conflict of passion or the possibility of the second marriage experiment being a mistake greater than the first, or the first appearing, too late, to have been the truest and happiest union, while it is no less a person than the very artistic Mrs. Edith Wharton who puts the problem in a setting of dignified comedy in a story called, if I recollect aright, "The Other Two." Still good

religious folk of all denominations will doubtless rejoice in those parts of *M. Bourget's* novel in which poor, stiff and stilted *M. Darras* tries to justify his scorn of his wife's religious scruples and flounders into mere prejudicial grumbling before his stepson's *argumentum ad hominem* in maintaining the equality of worthiness of a free union and a State-remarried divorcee. All good women will sympathize with, even while they may shudder at *Mdlle. Bertha Planat* holding to her convictions in spite of her experience with her first false lover and the stain it put upon herself and her child.

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## Rents.

RENTS must come down in this town, as a step preliminary to our having a million population. Rents are too high. The real estate agents admit it. The blame lies with the landlords. "For rent" signs in the heart of the city are multiplying, and that doesn't look like prosperity. Much building is in progress in the outlying sections and that will mean a further vacating of houses in the city's center and a stronger impression of the city's backwardness from the inevitable spread of dilapidation and decay over tenantless buildings.

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## Trust.

DR. CHADWICK is back home and doesn't know whether to trust his wife or not. For shame, Doctor. Everybody else trusted her. That was the trouble.

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## Mr. Sager.

"THERE were brave men before Agammemnon"—and after. Mr. Arthur N. Sager succeeds Joseph W. Folk as Circuit Attorney and the "pace" of the office will be maintained. Mr. Sager is the sort of young man who does things. He has abundant energy, a good store of courage and plenty of brains and he will probably show us soon that we suffer under other evils than boodling. Mr. Sager, unless his looks and words belie him, will maintain the best of the Folk tradition and clean out still other stalls in our Augean stables. Here's to his success.

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## A Big Bucket-Shop.

A BRANCH or side issue of the race-track gambling monopoly in this city is the Cella Commission Company—the largest bucket-shop in the United States, another gambling game with branches all through the St. Louis trade territory. There is a law on the Missouri statute books against bucket-shops. This bucket-shop handles millions of dollars yearly in spook deals in stocks, bonds, grain, provisions and cotton. It takes its patrons' money and bets against it. The patron's money is practically gone as soon as this concern lays hands upon it. This commission company takes deals in amounts not handled on the recognized Boards of Trade, and therefore cannot deal in the actual goods supposed to be dealt in. Such dealing is gambling under the Missouri law, and a form of gambling found in the making of embezzlers out of men in charge of other people's money. It plays largely for the small country bank official. Just because it is such a big gambling game, as the law says, and because it ramifies throughout the South and Southwest and even into Illinois, Iowa and Kansas, it should be suppressed. It has a richer graft plucking the gambling suckers than any of the get-rich-quick concerns that operated here two years ago. It has E. J. Arnold and Baldy Ryan beaten a city block for steady graft that is quickly making the Cræsus of its proprietors, even if they had no monopoly of race-gambling. Arnold and Ryan ran only a few months under official protection from

Washington. The Cella Commission Company, through its members, who are also the racing syndicate, is in politics in St. Louis and it is never molested or never has been thus far. It is time for this bucket-shop to be broken up, if there be any law under which it can be done, and the law on the books is plain enough. The St. Louis Merchants Exchange is opposed to bucket-shops as nefarious institutions. Why does not that body proceed to wipe out the Cella Commission Company under the explicit law which the Merchants' Exchange had passed? Here's a real live matter for the incoming new officials of the Exchange to take up and push to the proper conclusion.

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## Ed Butler, B. D.

COL. EDWARD BUTLER says he has been stealing elections for the Democrats in St. Louis for thirty years—up to Nov. 8th, last. The Colonel is now being read out of the party. It would seem that such an organizer of victory would be too valuable to lose, but isn't it ghastly to think of all the very respectable men who, having held office during that period, are thus tainted by the contrite Col. Ed's confession—Francis and Folk and Wells and judges a many and so forth? A veritable election expert is Col. Ed, for it is now charged that he stole the election of last November for the Republicans. What's the use in having elections anyhow? Let us just leave the selection of our officials to Col. Ed and bother no more about it. Didn't the philosopher say that the ideal government is a benevolent despotism?

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## Chauncey and Uncle George.

CHAUNCEY DEPEW goes back to the Senate from the New York Central Railroad. He will do, but my choice was Uncle George H. Daniels, of that road, a much greater literary genius and one who never indulges in chestnuts. Chauncey is a merry old boy, with a whole world of tact, and a man who can be tactful and amusing and sensible at the same time is something to be thankful for, but still it's too bad that New York doesn't make a Senator out of Uncle George Daniels, who discovered Elbert Hubbard, edits the *Four Track News* and used to live in Missouri.

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## Look Out for Rabe.

LOOKS to me as if the indications are that the only man who can be elected Mayor of this city will be some man running on a slight modification of the Municipal Ownership platform upon which Lee Meriwether was elected, though counted out, in 1901. There is already in the field a sincere and earnest candidate unidentified with any party, in Mr. John H. Rabe, principal of the Arlington School, an educator graduated from the work-bench, no fanatic, a man without even the semblance of a machine. The people of this city, under square election laws, will elect some such man upon some such platform if they have half a chance. They don't believe in old party platforms and candidates as they did, and St. Louis is ripe for something like the first stupendous success of the late Golden Rule Jones in Toledo, and Tom L. Johnson in Cleveland. Boodle exposures conducted by Mr. Folk, the Transit Company shuffle into the United Railways, the garbage issue, the impending bond issue, the question of restoring Forest Park, the Terminal problem, the race-track monopoly scandal and many other things are just the materials of agitation on which to build up such a movement as seems to be in gestation somewhere in the background behind Mr. Rabe, the school principal. The old Meriwether organization is not dead. The rosters are intact and the kitchen caucuses can be reconvened in twelve hours.



That old Meriwether crowd it was who saved Folk from defeat here in November and upset the calculations of the politicians. That crowd is ready to try to make reform more effectively sweeping, and it will do it once it is aroused by some man like Mr. Rabe, capable of inspiring public confidence.

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#### *Hark the Tom Tom.*

STILL from cold-roast Boston comes the beating of the clangorous copper tom-tom, and though Wall Street shivers at the sound and shudders from the stink pots, John W. Gates maintains a silence that palpitates with war-whoops in *posse*.

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#### *Dave Hill.*

DAVID BENNETT HILL has been retired from politics for about two months, and now he retires from politics himself—sort of makes it unanimous. Mr. Hill was a practical politician who attained high place by low methods, but then, we must remember that, as Sydney Smith says, "There is something in every character which must be forever connived at."

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#### *A Hollow Victory.*

PORT ARTHUR has surrendered, but the victory seems a costly and hollow one for the Japanese. Indeed it is questionable if the Russian defenders do not command nearly as great a share of the honors as the Japs. For eleven months the Mikado's troops have battered the gates of the fortress, more than 40,000 of them have perished, and now that they have succeeded in taking the city, only a very insignificant part of the task their country has undertaken, has been accomplished. The really great work of whipping Russia or of driving her armies out of Manchuria still remains unfinished. In fact, it would seem that this work has only commenced. The taking of Port Arthur has scarcely any more significance than an abstract military achievement under modern conditions. True, it may appear to be a blow to Russian prestige, but it does not necessarily force the Russian to sue for peace nor does it materially improve the position of Japan. As a matter of fact, Port Arthur has been Russia's salvation. In the hands of Russia it had a strategical value. It prevented Japan from operating in full force against General Kuropatkin and the long siege furnished the Russian government opportunity to get reinforcements to the front. Consequently, when the campaign reopens in the spring, Russia will confront Japan with a superior force numbering more than 400,000 men and there is no telling but the Muscovite may yet redeem his lost military prestige on the plains of Manchuria.

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#### *World's Fair Statuary.*

By all means let us preserve, as far as possible, as much as possible of the World's Fair statuary, now that we know there are several methods whereby the staff may be made to resist the weather for many years. The World's Fair management would be very glad to turn over to citizens some of the fine pieces, which otherwise seem doomed to destruction, on condition that the said citizens would preserve the figures in their conservatories, or on their lawns. In time it might be that some of the dwellers in some of our many places like Portland, Westmoreland, Vandeventer, etc., would get together and have a piece or pieces cast in bronze or carved in marble as decorations for their private parks. The city authorities, too, might store away some of the statuary and in course of time pinch a little here and there from great appropriations

to establish a fund to pay for providing for permanent statues from the Exposition models. Such statues would be available in the restoration of Forest Park and for the beautifying of other parks, as well as for the decoration of other open places in the city. The various neighborhood associations of the city might take certain pieces to set up in durable form in their territory, in course of time. Such preservation of memorials of the great Fair would be a fine manifestation of community sentiment, and it would be a long move forward in the matter of bringing about the much-yearned-for City Beautiful.

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#### *Candida.*

GRACIOUS, but our women are becoming emancipated. The other day the St. Louis Woman's Club listened to an approving appreciation of George Bernard Shaw's play "Candida." It is not of record what the Woman's Club thought or thinks of the heroine's celebrated "shawl speech," though the newspaper reports indicate that *Candida* was accepted as an advanced, if not altogether noble type of the sex. A mere man might say, however, that *Candida* is only a psycho-physiological teaser, a creature playing intellectually with the subtleties of sex, and indeed it is doubtful if even the woman above the average quite comprehends the malefic import of such a spirit as is enshrined in the cynical Irishman's heroine. It is the immorality of her intellect, maintained consistently with mere physical purity, that makes her such an embodiment of mocking evil—a sort of feminine *Mephistopheles*.

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#### *Marriage Is Hell.*

NOVEL readers will find a new delight in the latest Anthony Hope story, "Double Harness." They will find it so different from his *Zenda* work. They will be confronted with two or three sets of domestic problems, more or less acute, all of them treated by the author with a fascinating blend of character analysis, much clever cynicism, conversation brighter than the "Dolly Dialogues," dissections of motive suggestive of Thomas Hardy, a sense of humor and of the tragic, and an illuminative conception of obscure phases of sex. The book is a critique upon marriage, and if we may believe Mr. Hope, marriage is what Gen. Sherman declared war to be. The termagant, *Mrs. Courtland*, is a weirdly forbidding person, and yet piteous. *Christine* is another character, a woman with a secret in her past who is drawn with much delicacy and shown forth in a queer mixture of qualities, all of which, together, constitute a charm in spite of her worldliness and her wickedness. *Sibilla* is a person who does not belie her name. She is queerly passionate and generally difficult, but she simply radiates power. Her husband is a stoic character, with tenderness heavily masked by formal convictions, and a self-opinionation that were priggish, if it were not so refined. All these people are unhappy. They are all seemingly hopelessly mismated, and all going to the devil sulkily proud. They are all self-indulgent men and women, and it is only when misery strikes down the self-indulgence that they find in moderate allowances for one another the secret of a pretty fair workaday brand of happiness. There is a splendid picture of an elopement of *Sibilla* with a young cad who luxuriates in his own emotions, in which the deserted husband finds the pair and forces his wife back to her home by his determination if she persists in her flight to kill himself and their son. The woman doesn't weaken, but the lover does, and the scene is one of thrilling tension. Other scenes of power are the incident of the duel of mind between

*Sibilla* and *Grantley* over the issue whether the wife or the as yet unborn child shall live. Two riding scenes in contrast of happy and tragic mood in the same setting are rendered with full nervous power. *Christine's* visit to her former lover to borrow money for her husband, a visit suggested by the husband, who was ignorant of the situation, and her husband's struggle over the question of keeping the money after he learns of the former *liaison*, are incidents narrated with a brilliantly sinister beauty and power and acumen in soul-vivisection. The termagant, *Mrs. Courtland's* death, is a sordid though touching tragedy. The book's atmosphere is poisonous with selfish unhappiness and sin, and with a worse ingredient of exasperating shallowness of soul in some of the minor characters. The set which is pictured is apparently a degenerate group, but only apparently. The people are only thoroughly exposed in all their ghastly falsity to themselves and others. The women are all quite clever, and most of the men talk epigrams on the slightest provocation, but the conversational fireworks do not bewilder one. They really illuminate and explicate the story. An elderly roue, *Caylesham*, is splendidly drawn. His wisdom is bitter, but it is the very essence of worldly wisdom, coinciding in the end with the conclusions of pietists and saints. He is a frank old sinner, who is willing to give others the benefit of his experience, and his advice is generally sound, even if he gives it upon the most immoral basis of reasoning. All the unhappy people make their own unhappiness, and they all find spiritual purification of their sins at last through the suffering which, as they experience it, opens their eyes to their own derelictions. Their sins find them out, and their self-constructed shams and masks are torn away, and they stand pitifully revealed in all their weakness and petty vanity, and rush to one another for consolation and forgiveness. "Double Harness" (McClure-Phillips, New York), is the most tensely vital, and at the same time, brilliant thing Anthony Hope has done. It shows him as a keen philosopher, as well as a master of salty and acrid wit. His style is admirably firm, even when he is most allusive and suggestive. His hints are always eloquent, and as he never skirts the coarse, always elegant. The book is a small patch of hell, but it is a piece of sound and clever observation with a sane and not too homiletic moral fairly knocking you down with its hard-headed worldliness. Everybody in it is in some way a poor sort of creature all told, but all with germs of good that only need a chance to flourish into betterment. Mr. Hope's work is not for the mere skipper of novels. It has in it much strong pabulum disguised in froth. Reading it is like eating baked ice cream; you are just beginning to relish the warmth of the soufflé when you come with a start and a shock on the underlying ice. The book stings and prickles, moves to contempt, to indignation, to pity. It is a comedy that stops just short of being diabolic. You start in with the book distrusting or despising pretty nearly every one of the characters, and you finish loving them all except the one person, *Walter Blake*, who never got over his autolatrous revelry in his own worked up emotionalism. Everybody is doing his and her best in a struggle with his or her downward tendency, due to disinclination to meet issues squarely. The roue or libertine, *Caylesham*, is the only good person in the book—he's so frankly bad—and his honesty in sizing up the paltriness of himself and all the others is the thing that works all the misery around to a fairly happy ending in which everyone makes the best of disillusionment, and is glad to forgive and



forget. Mr. Hope-Hawkins doesn't mince anything. The book has a quality of sternness and grimness for all its sparkle; indeed, the sparkle is frequently a corruscation of maleficent humor and wit. The book says marriage is hell, butt hat it is our duty to make the best of it, and that is about the only approximation to happiness that we may attain. "Double Harness" is a novel that may not catch the Zenda readers, but it will take powerful hold on people who are equal to the real stuff of life in literature, not a desperately long way after the mordant method and manner of the men who gave us "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

♦♦

#### *What Missouri Doesn't Want.*

MISSOURI should not send a Senator to Washington by way of the Star Route. It should not send to the Senate a mere money grabber, a mere echo and slim reminiscence of the grossest and meanest of the old Blaine crowd. Missouri should not send to the Senate a man who would represent nothing but corporation influence and the desire of Senatorial grafters from rotten boroughs for another congenial "pal" in their club. This State wants a man in the Senate who has some conception of statesmanship, not one whose idea of politics is that if Blocks-of-Five Dudley, the fat-fryers, the plum-tree shakers, the casters of anchors to windward, the open purchasers of togas in the Montana fashion. The next Senator from Missouri should be a man who on analysis should show some trace of culture, who knows some kind of book other than the cheque-book. Cockrell's successor need not necessarily be an Admirable Crichton to maintain the traditions of the office, but he should not be a man without the slightest acquaintance with laws or letters, arts and learning. Missouri should send to the Senate a Missourian, not a nullibetudinous individual whose habitat is indiscernable in a range between Utah and Wall Street, Lower California and West Virginia. Missouri doesn't want in the Senate a man who is only known in Missouri for wanting to go to the Senate and never has been heard of as doing anything more for the State than trying to burgle and boodle his way into "the most august deliberative assembly on earth." Missouri doesn't want in the Senate an alleged native of St. Louis, who refused to subscribe to the city's popular fund for the World's Fair. Missouri doesn't want for Senator a man who is the intellectual inferior of every antagonist for the place. Missouri doesn't want a man in the Senate who is opposed to President Roosevelt, and represents in the Republican party every influence against which Theodore Roosevelt's character and purposes are a protest. Missouri doesn't want in the Senate a late-lingering little brother of the rich who made their riches in the olden golden grafting days of Dorsey. Missouri doesn't want a man in the Senate whose presence there will set people to reading again "the Mulligan letters." This State doesn't want to be honored by having in the Senate the friend of that General Egan, who during the war with Spain, forwarded the embalmed beef industry and was dropped from office because of fecal language concerning his superiors in rank. Missouri doesn't yearn to be represented in the Senate by a man who wears a Loyal Legion button without anyone else knowing why. Missouri doesn't want in the Senate a Republican whose record as written by Chauncey Ives Filley, years ago, is unprintable. Missouri does not want a man in the Senate who has never been anything but an office-jobber, sneaked into that position by men who knew nothing of the State, solely to help

him to build up a machine from the outside. Missouri doesn't want a man in the Senate who is rarely in the State, all told, three months in the year, and who, when he is here, is invisible to the naked eye and always represented by some buffer between him and the party men. Missouri does not want in the Senate a man whose only eloquence is of the vicarious sort which we hear when "money talks." Missouri doesn't want a United States Senator who is only a power in politics through the friendship of dangerous interests and questionable political personages in other States. Missouri doesn't want a Senator of whom seven out of ten of its inhabitants knew nothing until the landslide swept Cockrell out of place. Missouri wants a Republican Senator, since it can have no other just now, who will represent the State with dignity in the deliberations of the Upper House, who will stand for intelligence, for Missouri interests as seen by Missouri eyes, not for Missouri interests as they appear to the eyes of an outside gang who want to flock in here and carpet-bag the State. Missouri wants a Senator who is the farthest possible political remove from the affable, furtive, subterraneously operating, cash-basis, lobbyist led Star Router, who has "buted in" on the contest after a victory with the achievement of which he had no more to do than he had with the building of the Taj Mahal or the original conception of the Fourth Dimension. Missouri wants for Senator a *Missouri*

Republican, not a Wall Street Republican, a West Virginia Republican, a Utah Republican. Missouri wants a Senator who has done something for Missouri other than keep out of it as much as possible until there was something to grab in the way of political honors. Missouri wants a Senator a man who does not pose as the almost sole representative of a sect or creed or nationality in his party and succeeds in stirring up religious animosity by thundering against it when it doesn't exist. Missouri wants a Senator who is above resurrecting know-nothingism by spreading abroad, quietly, the impression that that defunct political clique has been reorganized to defeat him. Missouri wants for Senator a man who will not run for the office on the covertly circulated plea that this triumph would be a victory over the enemies of his faith, when there are no enemies of his faith in evidence in the contest. Missouri wants a Senator who is not likely to stir up religious strife by posing as a persecuted being. Missouri wants a Senator who is not so much of a bogus Missourian that he may be justly suspected of being bogus in everything else he professes to be. Missouri would like to have a nice, elderly man, with pretty white hair and mustache and a purring voice in the Senate, perhaps, but it would rather have a man there who has not been faking his Missourianism and his Republicanism as well, for his own sole individual profit for more than thirty years.

## The Society of Western Artists

By Edmund H. Wuerpel

**A**FTER the feast of art we have enjoyed during the past six months, it would indeed require an unusually strong exhibition to arouse the people of St. Louis to a proper recognition of what is shown at the ninth annual exhibition of the Society of Western Artists. And yet, there are some things very much worth while to be seen in the galleries of the Museum of Fine Arts.

Is there not something of more than ordinary interest and significance, in the mere fact that this is the ninth annual exhibition of the Society? Does it not show an unusual tenacity of purpose to survive the luke-warm interest, the condescending patronage of the Western public throughout nine consecutive years? Were there no other interest attached to the Society's exhibition, it should prove a curious experience to those whose interest has been aroused by the opportunities given us at the World's Fair, to study the *raison-d'être* of this persistent little group of men.

You may rightly say that this is not an ingratiating method of introducing the public to our exhibition, nor an enticing manner of persuading it to turn over a new leaf in regard to local art matters. But one is so seldom called upon to dwell on this subject in this city, that the golden opportunity of stating a few facts which should be made generally known, is too good to be allowed to slip by.

In the first place, this organization is not of a fawning nature; we do not ask the Public to visit our galleries in either pity or charity; we ask it as a right, and a well-earned one at that.

We hear strenuous talk about *Art* on all sides. There is seemingly a desire on the part of the people to *know* about art. I cannot speak for the other centers visited by this collection of pictures, but I

am not far wrong in stating that the great majority of St. Louisans seek for art in every conceivable direction, except the most natural one—in our Art Museum. I happen to be in a position to know. We read about "Art sections," "Art lectures," "Art auctions and sales," "Art goods," etc., etc., and never a word about what is really a manifestation of art. Neither interest, enthusiasm nor patronage has, in a broad sense, been accorded the endeavors of the Art Museum to introduce the public to art.

The stubborn persistence in the face of all this want of public appreciation; the effort to give the public that which it needs and is searching blindly to find, surely deserves final and rich recognition. As long as the City of St. Louis refuses to lend itself to the fostering of such endeavors, just so long will the city be ignored as an art center. There is art in the city—some of it quite worthy of being proud of. Let the public recognize it and support it!

Very substantial encouragement has come to the society from the East. These stubborn Western men must mean something, they think. So the National Academy of Design of New York has honored the Society, and itself, by inviting the organization as a body to be represented in this year's exhibition at the Fine Arts Building in New York. Does it not seem a pity that this triumph—for it is the first time such an offer has been made to any society—should not be felt and enjoyed by the Western public? Shall the St. Louis public, in the face of such an unusual and generous courtesy, continue to withhold the light of their presence and support from the society exhibitions? Must the dreary drag of days in the empty galleries be repeated as heretofore?

This exhibition contains bad work, as perforce



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all exhibitions must, under any jury system that is known to us. So we can calmly eliminate the question of bad works, by ignoring an unavoidable fact. But there are many good things in the exhibition which bear keen analytical examination. The lessons taught us by the Fair, are not too far in the past to have been entirely forgotten. Look at some of these pictures from the 'same view-point,' and see how much strength there is in what is presented this year. I wonder, in view of the Fair, that there should be anything at all worth looking at, for it was a great drain upon the art resources of the West, and, so far as our local contributors are concerned, it is rather a meager showing. Most of our men have been either too busy studying, or have had their available work placed, to contribute largely to this year's exhibition. For this reason, with but two exceptions, we have very little by the St. Louis Art brotherhood, and what they have sent is not particularly new. Mr. Wolff has nothing, nor Mr. Bringham, and several others. Mr. Waldeck sends pictures which those of us who visit the galleries, know, perhaps, too well. Miss Maury sends a delightful pastel drawing of a mother and child, full of sympathy and that sensitive appreciation of childhood and motherhood which we admire in her. But only one. And only one thing from Mr. Stoddard, his McKinley High School decoration. I say all this, not in depreciation, but in appreciation of the circumstances which brought about such an unusually small representation from St. Louis. Mr. Sylvester shows us two departures from the river notes with which he has been doing valiant battle for the past few years. In the "Two Little Girls in Blue" there is, perhaps, a trifle too much insistence on the note of blue. It need not have been so powerful. And the "Pink Girl" is also somewhat lacking in the tonal qualities which we look for in his landscapes. Some day he will, by mere persistence, compel our attention to the grandeur and the ever changing moods of our Father of Waters. He knows them, and feels them keenly, and some day we may thank him for his constancy and his faith. Mr. Harney's two chicken canvases are still up to his average of excellence. I say "still," because it is unusual that a man who paints such subjects without a moment's intermission, can sufficiently control himself to turn out an equal degree of excellence. I always wonder that we do not see something by Harney besides chickens. He can do it. He used to, a good

many years ago, and these little pictures show no falling off in color or drawing or composition. Where are the old-time subjects which gave us Paul Harney, the humorist? Why not try them again, just for us.

Speaking of chickens reminds me of dogs. That is natural enough, I think, don't you? And dogs remind me of my friend, Mr. Osthaus. Where are his dogs? Where is the splendid knowledge of the pointer, the spaniel, the setter (I had better not go further, I might fall into deep waters.) But where are those kennels of baying, panting, moving, living dogs which we used to delight in picking to pieces, and delight still more in praising and studying? Has Mr. Osthaus grown stout and lazy, and has the call of the hound and the wind of the horn no more seduction for him; does he wander forth in the indolent, gentle, not unpoetic spirit which he speaks of in those three water colors he sends us, and let the dogs go by in musing sadness? Surely some reason has prevented his sending those old-time studies, which seemed to put a note of life into the show which even the large canvas of unwoolly sheep which Miss Glamen sends does not supply. Mr. Lorenz sends us a souvenir of the past in the form of a nocturne with bison, or rather, bison with nocturne. The idea is good, and there is good in the canvas. It is, however, to be regretted that this idea of the buffalo should be so dominant. In a picture of sentiment, one would prefer to be given a moment to get away from the purely objective, but in this picture of Mr. Lorenz's there is no getting away from this beast, which is neither graceful nor attractive. I remember with much pleasure a canvas by Mr. Phillips in which the sentiment of the red man was most beautifully preserved. He gave us the Indian, and at the same time a most lovely color scheme and mood. A charming poetic suggestion of the Indian as Longfellow gave him to us, and as Cooper loved him. It may not be the true Indian in the sense that the only good Indian is the departed chief or chief's family; but it was an Indian whom all Americans love, and who blends himself to artistic interpretations. This time both Mr. Phillips and Mr. Sharp send in pure, simple, unadulterated, ugly Indian. Historically, he may be all right, but I trust that for the sake of art, both these gentlemen will return to old pastures. In his one canvas, "After Many Years of Warfare," Mr. Sharp allows us to see why he loves to do Indians, and why

he has the patience to dwell again and again on the same phase of nature. To most of us painters the red man is a color scheme, an arrangement of blankets, ear-rings, buckles and trappings that lend themselves to paint. Of the inner workings of the savage we know nothing. We throw our lead fathoms deep into the mysteries of his mind and touch no bottom. But Mr. Sharp knows him, and feels for him, and tells us of his thoughts and dreams, and moods, and for this he will always be known out here in the West. We should have more of such interpretations, both from him and Mr. Phillips. We miss our genial friend and staunch supporter, Mr. Duveneck. He, too, has been too busy to paint, but he has induced his colleague, Mr. Nowotny, to send. Mr. Nowotny has not been with us for some time, and we are glad to see the vigorous brushwork and honest straightforward handling of his subject. He has in common with Mr. Meakin, and, in fact, with all our Hoosier friends, a bold, positive technique which, in a few instances, has gone too far. I do not think this is the case in the present instance, but I remember some of Mr. Meakin's things, and some of Mr. Steele's and Mr. Adams' and Mr. Forsyth's, which were so poetic in mood and theme that the vigor of the painting took away greatly from the final result achieved. Look at the splendid color sense Mr. Meakin shows us. See how clearly he indicates sky, water and ground—no doubt about it, in sharp, decisive strokes that tell their story admirably, and are, withal, poetic and temperamental. It is really a curious thing that all these men should get the realism of their subjects in such a realistic manner and still preserve the beauty of the personal interpretation. How familiar Mr. Steele shows himself with the hills and streams of his native State. Those of us who have seen Indiana know it as a strong note of realism, and yet—there is Mr. Steele, genial, kindly and even a little sad, sticking out over every inch of the canvas. Mr. Adams is still deep in the swirl of opalescent water. It chatter and sparkles and dashes along in endless moods for him. His tone is departing gradually from the accepted Hoosier tone, such as we find in Steele, Forsyth, Stark and others. It is a trifle more tonal and less real, and his choice of subject warrants it. The same may be said of Mr. Forsyth's "Blue and Gray." He has tried a tonal scheme, and has, in a certain sense, adhered too strongly to his individual color scheme to have made



an entire success of the tonal effect. Still, it is a departure, and we are very much interested in it and wonder what it may bring about in the end. How strong and true his "Late October" is. How one feels the cold and the changing mood of Nature. It is well done. "After the Rain," by Stark, is another of these frank interpretations, which these men choose and imbue with their own poetic charm in so happy a manner. The pastels of Miss Squire, souvenirs of the Schwatzwald, are pleasing in tone and a little too obvious in method, in which they differ so much from Mr. Kaelin's pastels. It is curious that Mr. Kaelin can express so much in so apparently slight a manner. His is the essence of simplification, and his results, though perhaps a trifle too much in one gamut where one sees many of them, are splendidly conceived and executed with utmost deliberation and sympathy. Much the same sentiment, although done in a different medium and manner, are the character studies of nature which Mr. Shulz delights in. How admirably he interprets the "Thistle," "the Willow" and "the Maple." What splendid, simple themes, and how endless the moods they suggest. Again, the little pastel sketches, by Mr. Stevens. There is a note in some of them akin to the charming studies by Tryon and Dewing, which we saw in the famous Whistler room at the Fair. Lovely, soft, deep suggestions that might not work out to a completed picture, but which are tender and satisfying just as they are. Perhaps not quite so satisfying as some of his work in the past, are the canvases by Mr. Buehr. They have sentiment and a certain tone, but they savor somewhat of labor. The color is a little worn by much brushing, it would seem to me. He, too, has

undoubtedly sent his best work to the Fair, and one cannot, under the circumstances, expect his finest efforts to appear in our annual show. We should and do feel glad that so many of the stronger painters should have sent anything. Of water colors there are a number of pleasing ones. Two by Miss Cushman are clean and well washed, and show the trade-marks of a water-color, just as do three small landscapes by Miss Gertrude Smith. But this seems a year for pastels. I wonder how much Raffaelli's color sticks have had to do with it, or is it simply an accidental coincidence that so many have used pastels this year?

There is illuminated leather, pottery and book-binding in the exhibition, not so much as in past years, but that may be because of the risk of sending such dainty, delicate work on such an extended tour. It is almost impossible to preserve delicate fabrics from the soil of handling and transportation, and one cannot be severe on those workers who refuse to sacrifice their wares. For this reason, too, no sculpture is shown. Mr. Zolnay shows some photographs of his work, as do several others, but it is regrettable that we cannot see the things themselves. Mr. Zolnay's, we are, here in St. Louis, familiar with, and to us the mere photographic reproductions suffice to recall the originals. It is impossible, however, without great risk and some expense, to transport statuary, so we miss it entirely in these itinerant exhibitions.

It is to be hoped that these mere suggestions of what is to be found at the Art Museum will arouse some dormant interest, and that the Society will have cause to feel that St. Louis, at least, has been benefited by the Art of the World's Fair.

natural life. But I'd find out beforehand if Mr. Folk would pardon me in a year.

Mrs. Folk appeared this morning. You don't know her, do you? Well, the next Governor's wife is a rather large, well-rounded piece of femininity, neither blonde nor brunette, with a good, clear skin and a nice, pleasant smile, strong features, rather than regular and classic ones, a woman with such self-possession as she will find comfortable and necessary for four years, and maybe more, one who never seemed to pay much attention to her clothes until recently, when she has blossomed out in awfully good gowns, tailored things in black velvet and snug-fitting hats that become her. I saw her in a green silk one day last summer at the luncheon which the New York commissioners gave to Alice Roosevelt, which was simply beyond description, and which made her look a thousand years old. I hope it's worn out by this time. Rather simple in her tastes, I think, a thoroughly 'comfy' kind of woman, and very domestic, so they tell me, though they haven't any children. But Heaven knows, it must take all the patience and the time needed for a whole family of ten, to be the wife of one public man, especially one so durned serious as our prosecutor-hero-governor—don't let me hear of your marrying any French composer or sich, and then spending the rest of your life petting him.

Mrs. Greenfield Sluder, who was Ella Cochran, came with Salees Kennard, her bridesmaid, in a very small black and dark green plaid suit, put by a good tailor, for it fitted like the paper on the wall. She looked very beaming. Who wouldn't, at one's first public appearance after the wedding trip? If only for the sake of appearances. But I must say that sometimes that rule is teetotally disregarded. Par example, the other night at "Merely Mary Ann" (which was lovely, Jane, so sorry that you will miss it), I saw a bride and groom in a box, just back from their trip, and of all the disconsolate looking young women, she was that very same person. Looked so small and fragile, and so pale and melancholy, and the wedding only over two months ago. You don't know her, so no use to write her name. I hear nasty rumors about another young couple married a year ago, and now boarding at one of the smartest hotels in the West End, who are making no bones about telling their friends that they are perfectly miserable with each other. The man I always suspected of being a fortune-hunter,\* and I dare say that papa is getting tired of putting up for big bills.

A lot of pretty girls did the ushering. Yes, I'm still talkin' about "Candida"—which means that we all found our own seats. Oh, I beg Emily Wickham's pardon. I did hear her say once to Mrs. Dexter Tiffany, "May I show you to a seat near the front?" But I tell you it's a mighty lackadaisical usher who wouldn't straighten up and tend to her knitting when Mrs. Tiffany hoves or heaves—or what do you say, anyway—in sight. She frightens me more than anybody whom I know, except, possibly, Mrs. Charles Tracy, whose lorgnette gives me such a chill, when it stares my way, that I have to go home and take a hot bath immediately. Mrs. Tiffany has laid off mourning, I noticed. She appeared that day in a gray velvet, very stunning, with loads of chinchilla, and a small chinchilla hat, decorated with some luscious pink roses. Louise Little, Mildred Stickney, who always looks half asleep, Clara Carter, who is reported engaged to some tall and very handsome young clerk without a cent to bless himself with; Rita Maxon, who is Mrs. Shoemaker's sister, you know—the Sluders have taken the Shoemakers' house—for this winter—Florence

## Blue Jay's Social Chatter

My Dear Old Jenny Wren:

HAVE heard an expurgated edition of "Candida." We always get things half baked, you know, out in this frontier region. But, anyway, I don't like it, despite all the rejoicings that you and Tudor Wilkinson used to make, last year in "Pete" Seltzer's Bungalow chimney-corners. No, dear birdling, it may be that this drammer doesn't lend itself to a dramatic "readin'"—most of them don't, I believe—or maybe, that I'm hopelessly behind the times, and should join you and Tudor in the George Bernard Shaw band-wagon; but to cut a long story of my sufferings short, I was bored to the last limit, along with several hundred other women on Saturday morning. An interesting and pretty woman, with a deep-pitched and very musical voice, who hails from Boston, and has frequently given recitals of Shakespeare plays before "large and fashionable assemblies," yclept Chamberlain was the chief disturber of our peace. She is an old family friend, albeit not at all old herself, of the George F. Towers, and Miss Sarah Tower, who is simply indefatigable when it comes to recitals and Choral Symphonies, and everything else that is good and cultured, is responsible for bringing her to town. The recital lady did all the six characters of "Candida," jumping rapidly from deep ministerial tones to the snappy ones of "Proserpine," the typist, which, by the by, she pronounced Pros-erpine, accent on the Pros, and long I in the Pine. Must be right, coming from Boston, so correct that four-syllabled speaking of yours immediately, my dear. Well, to return to our muttons, we sat for two solid hours in

the Woman's Club ball-room, and upon my word and honor, I can't see what in the wide world you and Tudor find in "Candida" to wax so daffy about. I'm going to have a talk with him soon and see if I can't make him recognize the error of his ways, and I'll report later to you. As it was, I spent all my time staring round at the clothes show, which was fairly good.

Mrs. Hudson E. Bridge, as chief official in the society that ran the thing, brought out Miss Chamberlain and said a few "well-chosen words." I think that is the correct term, but I was too interested in her love of a hat to pay much attention to what she said. You know when anybody whom one knows, gets up to make a speech, one always first listens sharply to see if she is frightened to death, and then spends the rest of the time looking at her gown. Mrs. Bridge wore some pale gray stuff—chiffon velvet, I think, with heavy lace tinted to match—but her hat made me delirious with envy. It was big and rather drooping in style, and mostly red, of a rich geranium shade, very daring, but immensely effective. Velvet of this color constituted most of the hat, with a long red plume wound round the crown and trailing down the back. The brim was a soft fall of white lace, and, if anybody asks you, tell them that Mrs. Bridge, who is very yellow-haired, never looked so pretty in her life. It's the kind of a hat I'd likt to see just once on that daintily dashing Dresdenesque Mrs. Zack Tinker. I shall burglarize the Bridge house some night soon, and steal that hat, even if I get sent to—where is the penitentiary anyhow?—Jefferson City, for the rest of my



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Street and one of the Scudder girls, but which one I can't tell you, for, except Mary, whose hair is getting a little gray—they all do, prematurely—I never know them apart,—and the three Semple girls, were the rest of the ushers.

Isabel Belcher is going to marry Fred Semple, did I write you that? She looks wretchedly, my dear, not because she is going to marry him, don't think, but I believe that she has been in poor health for some time, and perhaps, too, the wedding day does not loom in sight very soon.

Did you know Emma Updike? Oh, of course you did, what am I thinking of! Why, she must have been a Mary senior when you were a junior, like myself. Well, she has broken her engagement to young Capt. Williamson, who is a doctor in the army. They became engaged during the Fair, and we all thought it was lovely, for he is so good-looking, tall and soldierly, and seemed so devoted to Emma, and so dutiful to his prospective mamma-in-law, for she always went with them to dine at the Alps, and the rest of Fair merrymaking. But Mrs. Updike never did care for him, especially, and Emma finally made up her mind that she didn't either, for she threw him over, and really broke him all us. He fell dreadfully ill, not with heart disease, I sentimental-

ly regret to say, but with plain, everyday common rheumatism, and I dare say pined and groaned much for Emma. But he is back now, after going to some health place, and seems as fit as ever. I saw Emma dining with some Roman-nosed chap at the Buckingham on Christmas evening, and though I tried hard, being a sympathizer with the Doctor, to discover that her gaiety was forced; I am compelled to say that it certainly appeared very natural, and I don't believe that she cared a cent for him. Dr. Williamson's parents live in Cabanne—charming elderly people, who doted on Emma and did all they could to patch up the quarrel, so I hear.

The littlest Opel girl, whose first name I can't remember, has broken another engagement—that of her own to young Handlan, a brother of that gay and dashing Eugene, who always used to send you five-pound boxes of candy. They were engaged for years and years, fully four or five, my dear, and Miss Opel just up and told him that she thought it was quite long enough, and would he please take back the solitaire that he gavest? Quite too sad, don't you know, and I really believe that she cares immensely, for her cheeks, which used to be so rosy and round, looked very pale and thin the other day as I met her in Plows', and not even a stunning new

brown fur toque could dispel the gloom from her brow. May they soon patch it up, and may the young man set the date or ask her to, with expedition and dispatch? Are Opels unlucky?

This week and part of last we took a sudden spurt, and have been quite lively, though nothing like in former years. The Ted Walkers are back from their wedding "tower." I don't believe that they went to Europe at all. Mrs. Jordan Lambert—Jordan has tied up with the race-gambling syndicate, they say, since he bought the Union track—gave them an "old year out and new one in" party that was liveliness itself, so I hear, and Mrs. John Fowler had a dinner for Lois Kilpatrick also on New Year's eve. It is all she means to give for Lois, so she says, and Elise is therefore one ahead, for the Fowlers gave that beautiful ball at the St. Louis Club last year for the older Kilpatrick neice, you remember.

Ruby Fullerton, that pretty little girl with very red cheeks, came out at a big afternoon crush, and then got arrested the next day for scorching in her automobile. But no disgrace attaches to that, my dear. *Au contraire*, much eclat goeth with such enforcement of the law. Ruby is now quite as celebrated as the Morton girls, who are always being—

"squeezed"—no that doesn't sound right.—Oh, I know, "pinched," for too fast traveling in their machine. And Mrs. Rumsey is a red deviler worse than all, but then, you know, she's hot stuff. I told you about her "pulling a pop" at the Alps, didn't I, when Private John Allen arranged a fake fight to frighten her. She didn't frighten worth a cent. Huh, might as well try to scare Mrs. Chout Scott, who was that sumptuous Dell Keller. She runs over a man a day.

A new theater opened in town last week, and I was invited to go with the Dan Nugents the first night. Such a funny thing happened! Mr. Francis was called on to make a speech—no, that isn't the funny part—but he wouldn't do it. Now, you can laugh. After we had all gotten through with wondering as to the why and the wherefore, we came to the conclusion that it must have been another *faux pas* of one W. Albert Swasey. You see, the last-named personage was the theater architect, and so he took all the lower boxes that night, saying that as he knew St. Louis' real society, he, and he only, was capable of bringing a crowd of "real" people on the first night. He gave the Francis family one box next the stage, where Mr. and Mrs. Dave, senior and junior, and Mr. and Mrs. Perry sat, in true family fashion. Now, Mr. Swasey can't make a speech to save his life. He gets stage-fright the worst way, and turns the color of chalk whenever he even thinks about making one. I remember the night the Odeon was opened, how sorry I felt for him. But I didn't extend that feeling over the Garrick opening. Wait till I tell you. So, when the house stamped and the gallery shouted after the third act for Swasey, that gentleman just rose and bowed and timorously said that he would ask Mr. Francis, across the house, to make his speech for him. And was dear old David R. buncoed in that style? Not if the court knows itself. He was sitting in one of the architect's boxes, and he didn't think it was quite according to Hoyle to be compelled to make Mr. Swasey's speeches for him. So not a word out of Francis that night. And it was all good fun.

Holmes Thomson's wedding was quite too lovely, don't you know. The excitement in Mr. William H. Thomson's family over this wedding, and Susan's engagement to an army man, Lieut. Coxe, of the Eighth, now at the Barracks, was something intense. You know, or I expect you don't, that there hasn't been a wedding among the seven or eight daughters since July was married to Mr. Collins of the "suburbs" almost ten years ago. But I must say that Mr. Thomson, for a paterfamilias, was as patient as Job. Mrs. Thomson used to cheer him up occasionally by saying: "Never mind, William, when they do start to go, they'll all go in a bunch," and it begins to look as if she was about right. Some little Episcopal church, very high in its ritual, on Channing avenue, was the edifice where Holmes was married to her Doctor, Allen Fuller, who's a very nice looking boy, terribly young, my dear, but a clever surgeon for all his rosy cheeks. He held her hand all the way down the aisle in the most touching manner. It made me want to weep. I always cry at weddings, anyway, don't you? And Holmes was as calm as you please, and when the bridal party was all ready to start, as the choir finished singing some dreadful hymn, and not the dear old "Lohengrin" at all, and they were all in the vestibule, which was about as big as a packing box (fancy the bridesmaids' state of cold storage, with the thermometer at zero, and their necks covered with one layor of tulle), I heard

Holmes call out, "Now, wait, you girls! I'm not ready at all," and wait they did until the bride had her train smoothed out. When Susan marries her lieutenant in February, they are going to Manila to live. Dreadful to be ordered round like that, isn't it? But a summer trousseau won't be as hard on papa, will it? I always suspected that Sue would marry into the army, though, for she has been the most diligent attender (that word doesn't look right, somehow), at the Jefferson Barracks' hops ever since I can remember. I used to wonder why she likes to go way down there when their dances were never very "new goods," but I rather think that she and the lucky Coxe have been taking notice of each other for some time.

"Such a lark in the Collins family! I don't think that you knew them. Edith Collins, now Mrs. Claude Kennerly, was one of those Country Club indefatigable golf girls, who used to pal with Emma Whitaker, now Mrs. Sam Davis. They always flock alone, too, from choice, and I'm thinking that their exclusiveness was the whole thing to them both. At all events, when Blakesley married some pretty Eastern girl—B. is the only son—Edith persuaded her father, who is Mr. Lewis E. Collins, to sell their lovely old place way out on Page boulevard, and quite a farm, in fact, since it had fine old trees and lots of ground, and move into town. I rather guess she now wishes she hadn't, for in the country one is sometimes safe from the wiles of the unscrupulous charmer. At all event, Mr. Collins, who is a short and stout, mild little man, with only a modest golf enthusiasm and positively no bad habits, met some dashing widow who found out that he had plenty of money, and who is now suing him for breach of promise, saying that he promised to marry her three years ago. Isn't it harrowing?

Fancy Edith's feelings down in Palm beach, where she and Claude are honeymooning, at anything so vulgar! I do hope that all his love letters will be read in court, that is, if he wrote any. It must really be a constant strain on a man, with a large bank account. One can never be safe for a single moment. If you aren't being pursued by the charity fiends, you are being sued for failure to keep some matrimonial promise that you never made. I much prefer being a woman, don't you, Jane?

I haven't told you a word about the George L. Allen's masquerade on Monday night, nor Mrs. Morrison's reception, also on Monday, when that lovely grand-daughter, Florence Kelly, made her first bow to us—Lady Morrison is still our real social queen, like Mrs. Astor in New York, with money, a lively, sharp wit, good business brains and a whole chain of beautiful descendents, Lilly Morrison Carr, Mrs. Norton, and this Miss Kelly, and good old Capt. Corkery says gallantly that all this beauty is hereditary—nor the Julius Birge's reception, which was rather nice, introducing the daughter-in-law, Mrs. Birge, whom Walter, who's in ward politics, with higher hopes, married about a year ago in Kansas City—she is the type for whom Charles Dana Gibson would forswear his latest model, even if she is his wife, and very willowy. Nor have I mentioned Genevieve Knapp's engagement to a Philadelphia doctor by the name of McConnell, the son of a minister, which was announced on Saturday at the Leete girls' tea, but you will have to wait another seven days. Too much ink on my fingers, now, Jane, and it won't come off with that nice rose soap you taught me to use, either. I shall get a reputation for being literary if I appear with ink stains, and that is far from being desired by,

Yours, devotedly,

BLUE JAY.

## Snarling Around the State Swill-Trough

By Calloway Dade

MISSOURIANS are now being shown what a scramble for office really means. Reference is here made to the Senatorial contest being waged by half a dozen actual candidates, and perhaps as many more Republicans who have lightning-rods up, hoping that a prolonged contest may land the prize in their hands. Not since the days of Thomas H. Benton has there been anything in this State approaching in bitterness the present contest. Whatever else may be said of the Missouri Democracy since the close of the Civil War, the party has kept its skirts clear of contests which smelled to Heaven for the United States Senatorship, if we except the terrible stench which arose over the frank boodling which characterized the selection of Lewis V. Bogy.

The present contest is disgraceful in the extreme, and in the natural course of events, will result in the defeat of the Republican party two years hence, and doubtless for a long time thereafter. Never before in the history of Missouri have there been charges and counter charges of corruption weeks and even months in advance of the election of a Senator. Heretofore, Missouri was always spared this disgrace. But now it has come Missouri's turn. And so prolific, and specific in some cases, are the charges that mem-

bers of the Legislature, Republican editors and Republican leaders have been bought outright by the friends of this or that candidate, or that attempts have been made to buy them, that it must be concluded there is some truth in some of those charges. If such charges were made only by Democrats, the whole matter might be passed up, but such is not the case, for these charges come almost exclusively from Republicans.

At the recent meeting of the Republican editors at St. Joseph the air was full of talk of corruption. A humorous feature of these charges was the seeming seriousness with which some of the editors debated whether it would be a violation of newspaper ethics to sell their editorial space. From their own testimony it seems that some of these editors were offered from \$1 up into the hundreds for their valuable influence in booming this or that candidate. One editor is quoted as gravely stating that in his opinion no editor should sell the influence of his paper for \$1.

There had been no real Senatorial contest in Missouri during an ordinary lifetime until after the late election. Just as soon as it was known that the Republicans would control the Legislature on joint ballot half a dozen candidates were in the field. Some of them opened sumptuous quarters and employed a small



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## Schoen's Orchestra

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army of clerks and helpers of various kinds to boost their claims. This has been going on ever since, and the personal expenses incurred by some of the candidates must amount to almost as much as the cost of the entire Republican State campaign. It is altogether probable, too, that the heaviest expense bills of the candidates are yet to be met. Cockrell has spent nearly thirty years in the United States Senate, and four of the five nominations given him did not cost him one cent outside of the telegrams of thanks he sent the Democrats for electing him. The same was true of Senator Vest, with the exception of his first campaign. At that time he opened quarters in Jefferson City for a few days and was mulcted for \$1,500 by the hotel people. He considered the bill so outrageous that he never ceased to "knock" the offending hotel and never again stopped at that hostelry, nor did he ever again open quarters in Jefferson City or elsewhere. It is true that neither Vest nor Cockrell was ever in danger of defeat, but it will hardly be disputed that, had either of them been confronted with opposition, nothing like the present bargain-sale-day crowd would have been quartered at Jefferson City at the expense of thousands of dollars daily.

The chances seem excellent for a first-class scandal over the election of a United States Senator to succeed Senator Cockrell. Even if this does not take the form of indictments and prosecutions, great harm to the Republican party has already been done. Never did starving curs snarl over a single bone more viciously than the Missouri Republicans are now doing over the election of a successor to Cockrell. There is no sort of dignity to the contest that is being waged between the candidates. The contest has degenerated into a mad scramble for votes, such as might be expected to characterize a close political fight in one of the down-town wards of St. Louis. Certain aspi-

rants have thrown dignity to the winds and are out for votes, and, apparently, do not care particularly how they obtain the same.

Democrats are laughing in their sleeves at the position in which these Republicans have placed their party. They know that this disgraceful scramble will cause a heavy rainfall up in the country, and they also know that high water always follows a heavy fall of rain. Already the Democratic leaders figure that the contest will bring their vote out of the brush two years hence and disgust every independent voter in the State.

Added to the entanglements over the Senatorial contest, there is a wild rush among Republicans for every office within the gift of the Republican State officials and for every job that the House will have at its disposal during the approaching session of the Legislature. The Secretary of State, with the few appointments at his command, has more than 300 applications, and each applicant has friends who are tugging at his coat-tails and importuning his favor. The same is true of the State Auditor and State Treasurer. There are legions hanging around Jefferson City just now looking for legislative crumbs. All are clamorous and some are arrogant. The colored brother is in the crowd. He is demanding everything, but will presently have to compromise on janitor's jobs at \$2 per day. And the clergymen of Republican faith have not been lost in the shuffle—no, indeed. Some two dozen of them have offered their services to pray for the House at \$5 per pray. The wives, the sons and daughters, the uncles, the cousins and the aunts of members of the House are, in many instances, looking for legislative jobs, and no doubt many of them will come first in the distribution of favors.

Those who have witnessed hungry hobos fighting for places at a free lunch counter can form some idea

of the present condition of affairs at Jefferson City. A mad rush is on, headed by the contestants for United States Senator. They all act like there was never to be another election in Missouri or another distribution of spoils. These are the surface indications, however. Deeper down are to be found some other reasons. A good many of the wiser Republicans, believing that the pie platter will not be passed their way again in a long time, are disposed to grab all they can get, regardless of appearances.

The Senatorial contest has now reached a point where the Republican party cannot escape great injury as a consequence thereof. The accusations the friends of one candidate bring against the supporters of other candidates cannot result otherwise than to shake public confidence in the leaders of the party, and those leaders include men as far down the line as many of the molders of public opinion in the rural districts and members of the Legislature. If only one-half is true that these Republicans charge, an addition ought to be built to the penitentiary and filled by men who are now posing as more or less prominent Missouri Republicans. To say that all this will not injure the Republican party in the State, is to say that the average voter is lacking in common intelligence.

\*\*\*

## Two Songs

By ANODOS

The blossoming of love I sang.  
The streams adown the mountains sprang,  
And all the world with music rang.

A cloud has darkened Heaven above.  
I only hear a moaning dove.  
I sing the withering of love.



## AT THE PLAY

BY W. M. R.

Mr. Mansfield's "Ivan."

"Fee, fa, fo, fum!" "Raw-head and bloody-bones!" The terror of Mr. Mansfield's *Ivan the Terrible* is at first not terror at all. The role is grotesque. At times I could hardly find fault with the audience for laughing at what was designed by the playwright as an exhibition of the ferocity of impotence.

Mr. Mansfield does great work in the part. His detail is magnificent. His sudden shifts and changes of mood are excellently contrived for contrast. There's a certain dignity in the characterization, too, in the moments especially when *Ivan* is most the czar. I have always noticed that Mr. Mansfield loves to play royal parts. He has the royal sense strongly developed. His imperious manner is innately imperial, and his scorn rings chillingly true at all times. Mr. Mansfield, too, is the master of the presentation of uncontrollable whim or mood. His rages are fine and his sarcasm is steely sharp and bitter. As he drifts along as *Ivan* towards imbecility, lightened by flashes of force and intelligence, he is true to the physiological or to the psychological truth. You could see the paralysis creeping over *Ivan's* brain. Yes almost feel it, at times. In the simulation of craft and guile and cruelty, Mr. Mansfield is almost too effective. His voice has a quality of hardness, when he wishes it so, that gives intense support to his wondrous art in make-up and his extremely facile mobility of facial expression and gesture. His palsied signing himself with the cross in a cower of fear is wonderful in its truth to the fact of shattered nerves, just as his stumbles are the exact imitation of the pitching forward of a man with *locomotor ataxia*.

All the time the art shows the cold intellect of the man. When he burns he does so with a white flame. His laugh is the utterance of malevolence, and his chuckle is dry with a drouth that speaks of a desert heart. *Ivan's* gradual growth of irritability, his increasing loss of control of limbs and voice, his clinging to the order of ideas, that tend to elude him, by sheer force of will—all these are points of skill, or art, or genius or whatever you call it, that are illimitably beyond the realizing grasp of any other actor of this day. The grotesquerie of which he is enamored, is of a sort never equalled in any characterization that I have seen, and it convicts Mr. Mansfield of an appreciation of the impishly perverse, such as I don't remember to have found in any artist of any sort of expression other than Edgar Allan Poe and James McNeill Whistler. Mr. Mansfield can push peevishness to a point of inspiring dread not less than hatred, and he has a knack of evoking exasperation beyond the reach of any other living man. When he enacts this mood I always think of the erratic femininity of John Randolph, of Roanoke. His *Ivan* is a monster, but a monster of uneven and shaky intellect. The role would be terrible if it were not for the too complete lapses into playfulness, which cannot but indicate that his fuming and storming are the manifestations of impotence come upon great force, or power fast disintegrating into feebleness. Most wonderful is the way in which Mr. Mansfield flashes forth the childishness, the second childishness of superstition and fear in the midst of fierce outbursts of intolerable arrogance. *Ivan's* malevolence is heightened by his intermittently sarcastic comment, by his moods of acrid humor, that come upon him in starts even as he raves in gusty rage.

The last scene of all, that of *Ivan's* death, is great, simply great. It is a

marvel, a miracle of studious realism put into effects to the totality of which are brought the efforts of a keen mind and the smallest muscles of the body. His stammering utterance melting into mere babbling, mumbling sounds which finally become the wierd dead shriek of the excited dumb man, and still later the mere facial expression in stark rigidity of paralyzed speech muscles are all crescently horrible. No man ever did such a death scene as this in *Ivan*. Not even Mr. Mansfield has come near it in his rare necrophilistic renditions of the death throes and the approach of *rigor mortis* in *Beau Brummel*, in the part of *Cheval*, in "A Parisian Romance," or in the collapse of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. The scene proceeds from grotesqueness of rage to a sense of doom, then to incoherent, loose mouthings, and on and on to heart-shaking piteousness of the inability of the dead body to express the imprisoned mind, itself reeling to everlasting eclipse. The death of *Ivan* is awful. It makes the spectator's heart stand still and the perfect simulation of the *facies Hippocratica*, the dead face, the blank that comes after twittings and throbbings is such as to awe the spirit within anyone who has ever watched a human being die in conscious struggle against death.

"*Ivan the Terrible*" is not a play, as a note in the programme says, but it is a great piece of character acting by Richard Mansfield, great in its intelligence, great in its supreme pantomimism, which has searched out the secret of the last throes' last physical sign. The horrible does actually culminate in the terrible.

Mr. Mansfield's company is negligible.

\*

## Miss Rehan.

Ada Rehan is artistically delightful at the Garrick, in "The Taming of the Shrew." She knows her Shakespeare, but I fear she throws him over for her Augustin Daly, yet is she charming, if, though one hates to confess it, some what old-fashioned in her methods. I touched upon the play last week and there is nothing more or new to say of it this week, further than to commend more unreservedly the quality of the support given by Mr. Richman and the other members of the company to the star. Miss Rehan is not altogether her old self of the days when William Winter was her critic laureate, but she has still a finish and a technique that atones no little for a deficiency in spontaneity and vivacity. Her *Katherine* was her greatest role and it so remains.

Miss Rehan's appearance in "The School for Scandal" reveals her as mistress of so much of the comedy spirit it as may enter into the soul of a woman, if not quite equal to the task of appealing effectively to a sophisticated audience that wants its woman comedy as broad as May Irwin or Marie Dressler. "The School for Scandal" is a little too delicate for the modern audience, and yet it was once thought, at the first, to owe its captivation to its touch of the vulgar. Miss Rehan adheres to the old tradition, but act she never so deftly and speak she never so precisely the lively lines of the play, she seems not to get quite close to her auditors. We have musical comedy minds these days. We are not *en rapport* with the finesse of comedy that lacks the obviousness of the efforts of George Ade and Clyde Fitch in writing, and let us say Eddie For in acting, God save the mark.

Truth to tell, the Rehan repertoire is one that doesn't appeal to a people that goes to the theater to be broadly amused, that never reads a play and that utterly misses the fine intellectual effects in a really literary production. We don't want to be, we simply can't

be stirred by nuances. We have to be hit over the head with a club or have a house fall on us to know that anything has happened. 'Tis our fault—not Miss Rehan's or Brinsley Sheridan's or William Shakespeare's.

\*

Next week the Olympic will adopt the rule in force at the other local playhouses of changing its bill on Sunday night, instead of Monday, as has been the Olympic's custom for so long. Next week's attraction will be that sprightly musical comedy, "The Girl from Kay's," with Sam Bernard and Hattie Williams in the chief parts. Mr. Bernard, who will be remembered for his successful work with Weber and Fields, is said to be an irresistibly funny *Percy Hoggenger*, the nouveau rich young man, while Miss Williams' impersonation of the title role is likewise highly spoken of. The piece itself needs no introduction to St. Louis theater goers, and it is said that the company producing it this season is one of the best.

\*

"The Earl of Pawtucket," one of the many popular plays written by Augustus Thomas, a former St. Louisan, will begin a week's engagement at the Century next Sunday night. Every St. Louis theater-goer is familiar with "The Earl." The play has always been received here with warmth, like all of Mr. Thomas' pieces. This season the management announces that the production will be in the hands of an excellent company.

\*

"No Wedding Bells for Her," a new production, containing an equal mixture of pathos and comedy, is doing good business at the Imperial this week. It is the story of a girl who is ill-treated and persecuted by a villain, and the scenes are laid in the Pennsylvania mountains and coal regions. Some of the scenic effects are ingenious and startling. A mine in operation and a mountain blizzard are realistically reproduced. The company is up to the

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standard. Nellie McHenry, in that well known production, "M'liss," will be the attraction next week.

\*

Eva Tanguay has been doing well since she became a stellar attraction. She is now appearing at the Grand in a piece entitled "The Sambo Girl," which is particularly pleasing to the patrons of this house. Miss Tanguay will be remembered by St. Louisans as the girl who did the female detective stunt in "The Chaperons" last season. Her success in that original comedy part led to the making of a play specially suited to her talents, and she has it in "The Sambo Girl." Miss Tanguay sings well, several catchy songs, and she appears in costumes that are stunning. She is supported by a good company. With the passing of "The Sambo Girl" "The Runaways," a piece with which the St. Louis theater goers are familiar, will come to the Grand. The coming attraction is said to present several new features, and a good company is producing it.

\*

The company at the Standard is presenting a paradoxical feature this week—a Dutch-Irish comedian. Imhof, who does the turn, is quite a clever young German. He and his partner, Conn, get many a laugh and hand out to the audience. The show is a big one. There are two burlesques—"A French Girl in Greater New York," the opener, and "The Female Drummers," which is the finale. The vaudeville bill is very interesting. Next week, "The Gay Masqueraders" will





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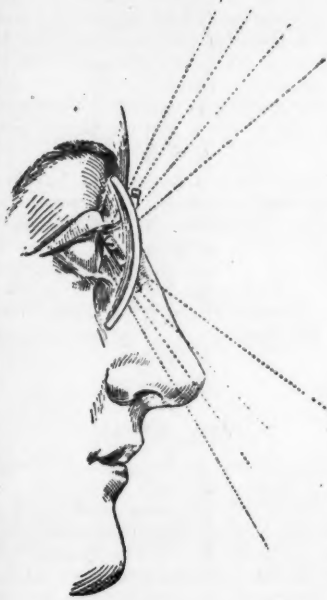
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THIS WEEK,  
**Grace Van Studdiford**  
 IN  
**"Red Feather"**  
 Regular Matinee Sat.

Next Sunday Night,  
 Kirke La Shelle  
 Presents  
 LAWRENCE D'ORSAY  
 AS  
**THE EARL  
 OF PAWTUCKET**  
 Reserved Seats Thurs.

## OLYMPIC

This Week  
 Mr.  
**Richard Mansfield**  
 Thursday Night,  
**"A Parisian Romance"**  
 Friday Night,  
**"King Richard III"**  
 Saturday Matinee,  
**"Beau Brummel"**  
 Saturday Night,  
 Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

Next Sunday Night  
 Charles Frohman and  
 George Edwards  
 PRESENT  
**SAM BERNARD**  
 In the Great N. Y. Hit  
**The Girl from Kays**  
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This Week, Twice Daily  
**NO WEDDING BELLS FOR HER**  
 Next Week, Twice Daily  
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be seen at the Standard in extravaganzas, and a variety of vaudeville features.

Miss Rehan and Charles Richman will close their engagement at the new Garrick this week. "The Taming of the Shrew" will be the attraction on Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Next week an equally entertaining bill is promised. The attraction will be "The Royal Chef," a sparkling musical comedy presented by a company composed of seventy persons. Dave Lewis will have the leading role. The beauty chorus and the "broilers" are a feature of this piece.

A New York actress who has lived abroad, will soften, sweeten and strengthen the voice—eradicating all twangs—giving perfect enunciation and modulation. Will also give thorough coaching for stage and drawing room work. Vivian Page, 3544 Page boulevard, St. Louis.

## MUSIC

BY PIERRE MARTEAU.

Melba did the trick again on Monday night at The Odeon. Last year she came here with the same assistants, and did a little mechanical singing to an immense audience. The people who had paid two dollars and over to hear her, expressed disappointment, but evidently hoped for better things this time, for they nearly all came again. The programme was a variation, in the same key, of that of the previous concert. A flutist has been added to the assistants, and Melba made the most of his support. Handel's aria, "Sweet Bird," depends much on the flute obligato for effect, and in the French song given as an encore, the same instrument filled up gaps very acceptably.

Melba either did not care, or did not dare, to sing freely with full voice. She was extremely careful, and saved herself as much as possible. The quality of her tone is as lovely as ever in the medium and upper register, but the voice seems smaller even than last year, and she was most chary of high tones. Frequent use of a rather hard, flat, chest tone, seemed ominous, and foretold the passing of the pearly Melba scale.

A duet with Mons. Gilibert, and an Arditi waltz were Melba's other numbers. She sang them without enthusiasm or spirit.

Gilibert and Van Hoose sang songs delightfully, and the youthful Sassoli played harp solos as wonderfully as last year.

## GRACE.

Honest, straightforward singing of the good, sensational kind, is to be heard at The Century this week, where Grace Van Studdiford is giving De Koven's "Red Feather." Mrs. Van Studdiford's singing calls up memories of past and gone queens of coloratura, so prodigal is she of trills and roulades and dazzling high tones. The voice is clear and brilliant as ever, and even more vibrant and powerful than formerly. She has style, too, and sings with much dash, and often with genuine feeling. What a Mimi or a Nedda she would make! And all of this singer's splendid gifts and skill, instead of being given to a Pucini or Leoncavallo creation, are lavished on De Koven's fatuous *Hilda Von Draga*, a creature so banal musically, that she is made bearable only by the superlative charm and power of her interpreter.

First Bachelor—"Hello, old man. Did you hang up your stocking for Christmas?"

Second Bachelor—"No. I hung up my watch and bought myself a pair of Swope's shoes at 311 N. Broadway."

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A reproduction of an unsolicited letter concerning our Cold Cream. No money could buy this expression of opinion from America's greatest actress. The merit of the Cream itself obtained it. A pure, snowwhite toilet article which should be on every dressing-table, and it should be used every day by every one.



Mrs. Judge and Dolph Drugg  
 Gentlemen—  
 Let me thank you, for  
 truly your Cold Cream is  
 delicious. I shall long remem-  
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 Sincerely  
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## NEW BOOKS

High finance as England learned it from the Hooleys and Wrights undoubtedly inspired Hilaire Belloc's scathing satire on modern financial methods, "Emmanuel Burden," which recently issued from the press of the Messrs. Scribners of New York. It is the story of the struggle between the unstable and speculative and the solid and unadventurous in business, and a grim humor underlies it all. The substance of the volume is the successful attempt to entrap *Emmanuel Burden*, an old-fashioned, cautious merchant, in his middle age, into investing his fortune and lending his influence to promote a wildcat speculation in the stock of a newly founded African land company, the McKorio Delta Company. "By no means the whole of this province is permanently under water," says the author, adding parenthetically that the reduction of the natives would have proved too heavy a task for any troops save those trained in England's "magnificent and permanent school of colonial warfare." This McKorio Delta Company is a sort of new Mississippi Bubble. It scatters ruin all around it; it leaves disgrace in its wake. Incidentally it costs the life of *Mr. Burden*.

John Lane is publishing in a sumptuous volume the latest work, by Allan Fea, called the "Memoirs of the Martyr King." It is the detailed record of the last two years of the reign of Charles the First. The memoirs of those who were in close attendance upon the King, and which are included in the second part of this book, contain many vivid accounts of their efforts to facilitate his escape. Among these the narrative of Sir Thomas Herbert is of great importance, and is here published for the first time in its original form, as it transpires that the publication of 1702 differs materially both from the original manuscript and from the copy in Herbert's hand-writing. The first part of the book is devoted to a diary, or itinerary, of the King's movements from April 27th, 1646, until the final scene at Whitehall, thus fixing dates which are often missing in the memoirs that follow. The memoirs included in the second part are the narratives written by Dr. Michael Hudson, the King's chaplain; Sir Thomas Herbert; Major Huntington; Sir John Berkeley; John Ashburnham; Sir Henry Fire-

brace and Col. Edward Cooke. The volume is profusely illustrated with pictures of persons, places, buildings and relics, and is limited to 350 copies, at \$35 per copy net.

Lovers of animals, especially of dogs, and they are legion, will read with interest the story, "Yours With All My Heart," by Esther M. Baxendale. It is a true story of the author's deeply loved pet, an Italian greyhound, Fairy, which was her constant companion for fifteen years. Primarily it is a book for children, but there is such need of encouraging greater sympathy for the four-footed creatures nowadays, that adults, too, will find this account of a rarely beautiful dog life well worth perusal. If it but aids in securing better treatment of one dumb beast the book will have served a good purpose. The volume is from the press of L. C. Page & Co. of Boston.

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Poetry: "Cassia," by Edith M. Thomas; "Prairie Breezes," by James W. Foley; "The Path O' Dreams," by T. S. Jones, Jr., and "Love Sonnets of Ermingarde," by Edward O. Jackson, all from Richard Badger Press of Boston.

## SOUVENIR WITH RECEIPTED GAS BILL

Pay your gas bill at the Backus Building, 1011 Olive, or at the Little Backus Building, 714 North Taylor, near Delmar, and receive one of those handsome Japanese World's Fair Souvenirs given for this week only with each receipted bill, and while there be sure to examine the Gas Steam Radiators and the Stamford Odorless Gas Heater, the official World's Fair heater, and the only Gas Heater awarded a Gold Medal by the Superior Jury.

## DO YOU EAT?

Do you eat? Of course you do. But perhaps you have not yet enjoyed one of those Laughlin meals. If you haven't it is your loss. The finest meals an epicure ever tackled are served at Laughlin's, Northeast corner Seventh and Locust streets. The best meats, the finest vegetables and the most excellent pastries make Laughlin's an ideal restaurant. There is no delay. The service is intelligent and prompt. Mr. Laughlin, the proprietor, is an experienced caterer who aims only to please his patrons. He has in a few months won the patronage of a large number of the city's most prominent business men and theater parties find his restaurant an ideal one in point of food and service. Cleanliness, comfort, wholesome food, well-cooked and rapid service are the essentials of his success. Mr. Laughlin has been identified with several prominent clubs in the past in the capacity of manager and his knowledge of what persons like to eat is illimitable.

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Pay your gas bill at the Backus Building, 1011 Olive, or at the Little Backus Building, 71 North Taylor, near Delmar, and receive one of those handsome Japanese World's Fair souvenirs given for this week only, with each receipted bill, and while there be sure to examine the Gas Steam Radiators and the Stamford Odorless Gas Heater. The official World's Fair heater, and the only Gas Heater awarded a Gold Medal by the Superior Jury.

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## FINEST LIQUORS

THAT'S ALL.

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We queried. "Do you float 'em?"  
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"Oh, no! We merely totem!"

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Pond's Extract proves quite as necessary for the toilet as for the medicine shelf. Redness of skin is at once reduced by

## POND'S EXTRACT

and the skin restored to its natural color. If arms or neck have been exposed, a brisk rub with "The Old Household Remedy" rights them. When fatigued, or as an auxiliary to the bath, refreshes like sleep. Superior for every toilet use.

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## THE STOCK MARKET

The speculative temper in Wall street is superficially bullish. In the past two or three days, all the leading favorites were again pushed to the fore. There was good buying for short account in Baltimore & Ohio, Rock Island, Union Pacific, United States Steel, St. Paul common and Reading. Owing to the ostentatiously firm appearance of the market, and the ease and rapidity with which offerings were absorbed, outsiders lost no time in responding to brokers' solicitations to make purchases. They are only too eager to help along a bull movement. Artificial prices do not scare them. As a matter of fact, the higher quotations are, the more convinced the outsider is that they should go still higher. The party who would not buy Rock Island common at 19 can now readily be persuaded that the stock is a good purchase for at least 75, and that four per cent dividends on it cannot be much longer delayed.

The stock exchange atmosphere is surcharged with optimistic talk and rumors. The syndicates are again preparing to resume active operations on a large scale. The belief is strong that after January 1st the market will work steadily upward. There is, according to the stock-jobbers' reasoning, nothing in sight that could interfere with or prevent a decisive upward movement. "Why," he asks, "should stocks remain where they are? Does not everything point towards another era of marvelous prosperity, which bids fair to last three years at least? Don't you think that constantly increasing railroad earnings and bank clearances tell a tale that even the veriest simpleton can understand? Look at the great revival in the iron and steel business." And then he will add, with an encouraging smile: "Sonny, if you are wise, follow my tips; they are straight; buy stocks and stick to 'em; they are about to go sky-high!"

This is the sort of talk they are now regaling you with in Wall street. And this is the sort of talk that appeals irresistibly to the sentiments and gullibility and cupidity of the average "sucker." What the latter likes above all is

firm, positive, knowing talk. He is easily impressed with bullish and bearish predictions alike. At the present time, he is thoroughly imbued with hopeful ideas. He is as ready to admit that the millennium is within hailing distance as that Wabash common will sell at par within a year or so and pay six per cent dividends. *O sancta simplicitas!* No wonder Wall street is piling up profits faster than the most successful gold-brick man ever did.

Among the financial community the impression is strong that an easy money market is assured for at least three months to come. After January 1st, funds will again flow from the interior to New York. This return flow will, however, not be as heavy as it was in the early months of 1904, because trade conditions are decidedly more active again. Of course, there will be sufficient to engineer a hot bull market with. The banks will probably not be averse to a strong buying movement. The larger the transactions and the more intense the buying fever, the greater will be their profits. Having these probabilities in mind, bears cannot be blamed for exercising extreme caution and for keeping as close to shore as possible. Besides, there will be the January disbursements. It was doubtless partly in anticipation thereof that the stock market displayed such surprising strength latterly. People who are to receive large amounts of money in dividends and interest generally begin purchases of desirable issues two or three weeks ahead. They do not care to wait until manipulators have put up prices ten or fifteen points.

In view of these anticipatory and manipulative purchases, it is not unreasonable to look for a moderate setback within the first two weeks of the new year, this setback to be followed by another rise in quotations. Barring the unforeseen, the bulls should have the better of the argument for some time to come. There is, at the present time, nothing in prospect that could be of much use to the bear forces. The mere fact that prices are, in many instances, higher than actual conditions warrant, will not curb the bull spirit. The fellow who buys stocks at the present time will tell you blandly that he is doing so because he feels satisfied that the value of securities should be upward for months to come, in anticipation of much larger commercial and industrial profits. When the bull craze is on, there's no use trying to block its way. All that the conservative observer can do, is to stand by and wait until the movement has run up against a tight money market. If stocks should continue rising until April or thereabouts, money will be tight enough to bring joy to the heart of the most terrible bear.

Did you hear those rumors about Baltimore & Ohio common? They are hinting at a rise to 130. Pennsylvania people are said to be increasing their already enormous holdings. People who pretend to be close to insiders predict that the stock will be on a five per cent dividend basis before we are six months older. Undoubtedly, there is good rea-

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son to look for such an increase in the dividend rate. The past year's earnings showed practically ten per cent earned on the common stock. Intrinsically Baltimore & Ohio common should be worth considerably more than Union Pacific common. It's a stock that bears close watching and that will bring handsome profits to those who are shrewd and determined and financially strong enough to hang on to it through all the vicissitudes of a feverish market. These shares will, eventually, be classed among the best railroad investments in the United States. You smile at this! Well, wait and see!

They tell me that there's something going to happen soon in Rock Island common. It's to be presumed, of course, that this something will be of a favorable nature. This sort of gossip has been heard before without receiving verification. This time, it may be of a more reliable sort. At least it may be said that it harmonizes with the general spirit and literature of present-day Wall street. There is any number of people who will be ready to faint from excessive gladness of heart when Rock Island common is quoted at 60 again. They have been for many weary months looking for daylight, with holdings of the stock on their hands which they bought at the wonderful figures of more than

two years ago. What an outpour of shares there will be at 60 and over! If the bull clique should be able to reach that level and cross it without serious consequences to itself, it will have a right to ask for a *pour le merit* decoration. However, there's no use talking; Rock Island is being groomed for a rise. Let's only hope that the expected rise will not again be brought to a stop before it has fairly got under way.

And so Reading common has been placed on the dividend-paying list. Well, who would have thought it possible? The first dividend on these shares since 1876! And yet they say that the age of miracles has passed by! This is another instance where the unexpected has happened. Of course, it could have been foreseen by every man with his eyes open and his reason intact that the Cassatt-Vanderbilt interests would not permit Reading common to remain on the list of non-dividend payers for an indefinite length of time after making such heavy investments in it. In the present state of prosperity in the anthracite coal trade, dividends at the rate of three or four per cent on the common stock are amply justified. The surplus of the last fiscal year available for dividends on the common amounted to more than six per cent on the amount outstanding. There is but little reason



to doubt that the 1½ per cent lately declared is a semi-annual payment, and that this rate of three per cent per annum can easily be maintained as long as quotations for "black diamonds" remain at the present level.

The United States Leather capital re-adjustment plan excites considerable discussion. Among large stockholders the consensus of opinion is that their interests will be prejudiced if the plan is carried out. The whole scheme bears a suspicious look. But, then, what else could you expect from a company that has ever been under the control of millionaire manipulators, who ever kicked its shares up and down, any way they liked. The Armours are said to be the principal backers of the scheme. They are credited with having largely increased their holdings of the shares, both common and preferred, within the last few years. They are evidently anxious for a closer alliance with the hide and leather business.

For the immediate future, the stock market should be a purchase on all moderate dips. There are no serious convulsions in sight; the bears are not aggressive and will have no special reason to be as long as prevailing conditions continue. Of course, there is always the chance of the unexpected happening. The cautious trader will not cease to bear in mind that prices are high, and manipulators and syndicates the principal mainstay. It is evident, however, that the bull powers are still determined to force the fighting.

#### LOCAL SECURITIES.

Locally, things speculative remain very much in *statu quo*. There's lots of bidding and offering, but transactions, taken on an average, do not exceed modest proportions. Undoubtedly the recent advance in prices has led to some quiet, effective liquidation in various quarters, in bank stocks especially. On the other hand, it remains true that there is a rather free demand for good

investment securities, and this must be set down as a distinctly encouraging sign. Among investors can be noted a marked degree of confidence as to the trend of things, and this should, ultimately, so brokers argue, lead to a sharp revival in the more speculative issues.

The January 1st disbursements in this city will amount to a splendid total. It is estimated that the aggregate will not be less than \$5,500,000 in interest and dividends. The banks' contribution to this amounts to \$456,000; that of the trust companies to \$525,000. Of course, in these amounts are included the payments of the last two weeks or so. The dividends on miscellaneous stocks, including United Railways preferred, reach a total of almost \$900,000. Brokers naturally expect that most of these funds will soon be re-invested in some form or other.

Missouri-Lincoln shares are on the down-grade. They are now selling at 134¾. It is believed that there is still considerable liquidation for the account of people who bought at about 120 some time ago, before the taking in of the Lincoln Trust Company. Commonwealth is selling at 295, Mercantile at 368½. Third National Bank is quoted at 317 asked; it sold, in a small way, at 315 the other day. For Mississippi Valley 350 is bid, for Bank of Commerce 305 is asked. For American Exchange 294¼ is bid. It is announced in banking circles that the American Exchange Bank of this city will soon apply for a national charter. Its capital stock is and will remain at \$500,000.

United Railways preferred is going at 69¾ again, after a rise to 70. The stock acts peculiarly. It is believed that there is some buying for small investors, who are attracted by the 5 per cent dividends. The common certificates are lower; the last sale was made at 217½; 21¾ is the best bid at this writing. There must be some selling for people who took advantage of the recent terms of exchange under the reorganization plan. For the four per cent bonds 85¾ is bid, 86 asked.

The Ely-Walker Dry Goods Company is about to declare a dividend of 100 per cent to common shareholders. Those owning 100 shares at the present time will be given 100 shares of new stock as a dividend. In this way the capitalization will be enlarged to \$4,500,000. The present capitalization in common and preferred is \$3,000,000. For the common 141½ is now bid; for the preferred 115 is bid, 118 asked. For National Candy first preferred 98 is bid, for the common 12 is bid. St. Louis Catering common is higher; 107½ is bid for it at present.

The banks report a good business. Interest rates remain easy at 4 to 5 per cent on time and call loans. Country demand shows a slight decrease. For New York exchange 20 cents premium is bid, 25 asked. Sterling exchange is slightly lower; the last quotation was \$4.87½.

#### ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Stockholder, Lexington, Mo.—Think it better for you to hold on to Missouri Pacific for a while. You might protect yourself with a stop order. Would not care to recommend purchases of St. Joseph Lead.

G. R., Jacksonville, Ill.—Judging by present appearances, Cotton Belt preferred should go higher. The common is a fair speculation for the long run.

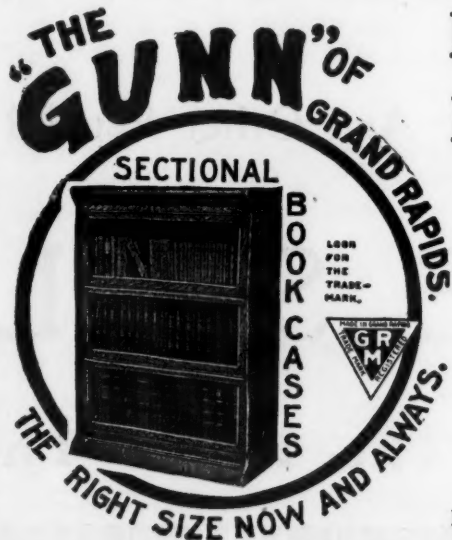
J. F. R.—Consider Century Building 6s an attractive investment at present prices. The bank stock mentioned should be held. Insiders hint at an increased dividend within the next few months.

K. T. W., Nashville, Tenn.—The new Southern Pacific common stock a promising speculation. The preferred stock is optional and entitled to 7 per cent. There has been good buying of the common latterly.

Artistic

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GLORY QUAYLE

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We find that we have been getting about 300 transient bundles from guests of our regular patrons during the Fair period. After December 1 we will take on that number of new patrons to take the place of those that have left the city. Parties that have tried to give us their business during the past few months, which we were unable to handle, will now have a chance to patronize us should they care to do so.

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ALL CARS TRANSFER DIRECT TO THIS HOTEL

The earnest looking man from beyond the suburbs, who had occasion to visit the railway offices on the ninth floor to have something done to his ticket, looked at the indicator near the ceiling,

which showed the elevator to be somewhere near the eleventh story, and then took out his watch.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed. "That clock's nearly three hours too fast!"

## The Only Afternoon Paper

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